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To-Morrow.

O thou to-morrow! Mystery!
O day that ever runs before!
What hast thine hidden hand in store
For mine, to-morrow, and for me?
O thou to morrow! what hast thou
In store to make me bear the now?

O day in which we shall forget
The tangled troubles of to-day!
O day that laughs at duns, at debt!
O day of promises to pay!
O shelter from all present storm!
O day in which we shall reform.

O safest, best day for reform!
Convenient day for promises!
Hold back the shadow of the storm.
O blessed to-morrow! Chiefest friend,
Let not thy mystery be less,
But lead us blindfold to the end.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

The World's Fair, 1876.

Columbia, puzzled what she should display,
f true home-make on her Centennial day,
Asked Brother Jonathan: he scratched his head,
Whittled awhile reflectively, and said:
Your own invention and own making, too?
Why, any child could tell you what to do:
Show 'em your civil service, and explain
How all men's loss is everybody's gain;
how your new patent to increase your rents
By paying quarters for collecting cents;
Show your short cut to cure financial ills
By making paper collars current bills;
Show your new bleaching process, cheap and brief,
To wit: a jury chosen by the thief;
Show your State legislatures; show your rings;
And challenge Europe to produce such things
As high officials sitting half in sight
To share the plunder and to fix things right;
If that don't fetch her, why, you only need
To show your latest style in martyrs—Tweed;
She'll find it hard to hide her spiteful tears
At such advance in one poor hundred years."

—*J. R. Lowell.*

THE SOL TREASURE.

Attempt to Find an Old Buccaneer's Gold.

I had a certain amount of appreciation for Adrien Graab. He was a handsome young man, some ten years my junior, of cheerful disposition and winning manner. Our manager in the insurance office, I think, had singled him out for preferment, so when Adrien had a slight attack of some pulmonary disease, Adrien was sent to the West Indies for the winter to look up the business of a ship which had been wrecked on one of the islands.

On Adrien's return I noticed the man was changed. His personal appearance was improved, but he seemed to have lost his flow of spirits, and was moody at times. As in his younger days I had been his mentor, and the recipient of many of his boyish troubles, I had no hesitation in asking him what was the matter. His name I had often taken liberties with, dropping the double a, and calling him plain Grab.

"Adrien Grab," I said, "what ails you?"

"Graab or Grab," he replied, "it is all the same to me. We accept the name according to the circumstances. When the family was needy, we were Grabs."

"You have not," I inquired, "been brooding like an owl over the mysteries of your family-tree of late, have you?"

"Yes, I have," he replied, though with a smile. "I fancy you have laughed at me many a time about it. But you must listen to it again, for I want your advice. In 1742 a De Grisb came here to New York from the West Indies, sailed here in his own ship, laden with tobacco, rum, and sugar."

"And were neither tailors, nor butchers, nor curriers, but grand gentlemen. You have often told me that before. Well, you, Adrien Graab, are fourth clerk in an insurance office. That is positive. What then?"

"They were De Graabs then. When I was in Curacoa last winter, attending to our business, I met an offshoot of the family, or rather one of the parent stock. He was the master of many miles of sugar-canes, acres of pine-apples, and groves of cocoa-nuts and bananas. He had the family tree in all its details, not only the root but the uppermost twig. The departure of a portion of the family from Curacoa to Martinique had been noted. That was in 1706; but all traces of this branch, after that, had been lost to him. This planter's name was Claes van Graab, and he let me into the secrets of the family. I do not know if he was proud of it, but, by George! I am; for I think it was the brightest plume, the gaudiest feather, that ever ornamented the De Graab helmet."

"A sorry hat I have seen their representative wear sometimes," I interrupted.

"Laugh as you please; we were free-booters, sir; buccaneers, filibusters in the old time. The oldest known Graab—he was Claes Graab—was one of Montbar's men, and many a Spanish galleon has my ancestor helped to plunder. One Graab—it seems he was the free-booter's son—went back to Holland in '80 and founded a family there. In Claes van Graab's house, at Curacoa, there is the copy of a picture of him, the original of which hangs in the Hague. See here, do you notice this little pendulous apendage to my ear?"

"This is too absurd! You recall, Adrien, the huckleberry and my long-lost brother," I exclaimed, out of patience.

"As I live, that portrait showed, under a stately ruff of Mechlin lace, old Claes, with just such a family ear-mark! Aurelia saw it."

"Who is Aurelia?" I inquired.

"Claes van Graab's daughter. But no De Graab ever slid into the infinite abyss of nothing all of a sudden. It was a hurricane first that crippled the De Graabs of New York and devastated their plantation. Then, in revolutionary times, they showed bad judgment and sided with the king. Next, the insurrection of the slaves, in the French West Indies, beggared them. Graab then, I suppose, did sink into Grab. We have been drifting ever since."

The man was getting melancholy. Now, I had heard Adrien tell me as much as this fifty times before, save the finding of a possible relative in the West Indies. "Nonsense, my good fellow. It is the old story, only instead of ending with a laugh, as you use to do, you now close your narrative with a whine."

"I have never told you all. That old Dutchman in Curacoa gave me a positive intimation of a treasure, which I have followed up."

"This is pitiful stuff," I exclaimed. "When Dumas died, all Monte Cristo was swallowed up, and the last gold bug buzzed out of existence with Edgar Poe."

"It is not romance. When I was a child, when asking my father for things he could not afford to purchase, he would say: 'When your ship is found.', A sunken ship has been one of the family legends. Claes van Graab has the most authentic proofs that such a treasure exists. In 1630 the Sol, from Carthagena to Lisbon, laden with ingots of gold and silver and pieces of eight was captured, and taken in tow by a ship an ancestor or mine commanded. Off the island of Curacoa the prize sank, with all her treasure. That such was the fact is evident, because at the close of the seventeenth century William Phipps planned a scheme for the finding of the Sol. In 1746, one hundred and more years after the loss of the Sol, an attempt was made to rescue the treasure. Claes van Graab's grandfather was ruined in the endeavor. The family now in Curacoa have kept every record. Claes van Graab told me that twenty years ago, when there was some mighty convulsion of the land and sea—some submarine earthquake—the spot where that ship, the Sol, had been wrecked was exposed for an hour or more, and then sank again. As if to tempt us there has been an upheaval just over the very spot. Sometimes in the surf of the Carribean sea small fragments of coin—gold pieces, worn thin and abraided—are washed on shore. Here is one," and Adrien drew a tarnished bit of metal from his pocket. "More that that. Claes van Graab, at last assured that I am of his stock?—"

"One moment," I interrupted, "and the daughter—will she acknowledge the kinship—does she urge the recovery of this fantastic treasure?"

"Yes—even more than her father. I have received a letter from Curacoa urging my coming to the island."

"Will Claes van Graab furnish the means?" I inquired. "If there is a million dollars there, even if not at any great depth under water, it will cost a million to get it out."

"The ship sank in rocky bottom—not on a coral reef—there may be a wash of sand over it."

"Is, then, this Curacoa planter, to drop from the imaginative to the practical, willing to risk his money in the enterprise?"

"What he will do I do not know. He bids me come to him. I should suppose he was a man of large means. I regret to say, however, that no draft accompanied his commands. Go to him I must and will. There is a vessel up for Curacoa—she leaves in a week. I would like to sail in her."

"And give up your occupation here! It is the height of folly. Have you money enough for your expenses?"

"Hardly. By selling my trinkets, my watch, I will still want $50. Will you lend it to me?"

"You may perhaps be useful to your relative, if such a thing as relationship is possible. You can have the money. Return it at your leisure."

Adrien left for Curacao within the ten days. Some three months afterward I received a kind letter from the young man inclosing me the borrowed money, and with it came the gift of a case of native birds. Adrien's letter was four-fifths full about the Sol treasure, and the other fifth was about Aurelia van Graab. Until the next sugar crop was made, Claes van Graab would do nothing. It was fully eight months before any more tidings came from Curacoa. This time the crop had been sold. The planter was putting in new machinery, and the money was wanted for a Rillieux apparatus. Adrien was superintendent and general manager, with a salary of $2,500. Little or nothing was said about the Sol. A small package came to me, too, containing a bit of old gold. It was in struck by Adrien to have a ring made with the gold, and I was to have a pearl set in it. The size of the ring indicated a feminine finger. When the ring was finished it was to be returned to Curacoa. Adrien hoped when next he wrote me to be Aurelia's husband. Adrien sent me, too, one hundred weight of chocolate and a bag of very wonderful coffee. Claes van Graab's health was feeble (so said the letter), and Adrien had entire charge of his business.

I lost sight of Adrien for fully five years, when one day he burst into the office. Everybody, even the old manager, was glad to see him, and congratulated him on his good looks and his fortunes. Our president deigned to patronize him. When we were alone, he said to me: "I am here for machinery."

"More sugar works?" I inquired.

"No; it is for the Sol business. Aurelia was an heiress. My poor old father-in-law must have all his life put aside large sums of money for the purpose of finding this Sol treasure. His will, if not positive in regard to this wretched business, at least indicates that an effort must be made."

"The Sol business a wretched one? Why, Adrien, you have changed your tone. I congratulate you on being less visionary than you used to be."

"Aurelia is ambitious, and has renewed the question of the wreck. She urges the research. I would to God there had never been any gold or silver sunk in that treacherous sea. My wife dreams of titles, the purchase of an old estate in the Netherlands, believes we have claims to the rank of the old van Graabs, which wealth would purchase. Colonial life has no charms for my wife. We are very rich; no fortune on the island equals hers." I noticed something of chagrin in his manner.

"For God's sake abandon this gold hunting if it is distasteful to you. Have you no children?"

"Alas, none now. The terrible climate was too much for the poor little child we had. The loss of our son has changed my wife's character. She is more determined than ever to find the treasure. My word is pledged. The engagement ring you had made for me was beaten out of a bit of gold washed ashore from the wreck. Before we were married I had promised Aurelia to seek the Sol. It seems that for two centuries those Curacoa van Graabs have brooded over the buccaneer's plunder until it has become a family taint. But to business. I have $200,000 to spend. Should we lose it, sugar will make it up again in a few years. I have made explorations, personal ones. Last year a wrecking company sent me some of their most expert hands. I went down with them. I am familiar with diving apparatus. We have pretty nearly satisfied ourselves as to the exact spot. There are traces of ship's timbers, eaten by the worms. A dozen pieces of gold coin, worn thin by abrasion, rewarded our toil. Can you doubt now that the Sol is no myth? We have hunted the old Dutch and Spanish archives. It was not a million of dollars' worth of silver and gold that went down in the Sol, but six millions. Groping for millions some twenty fathoms under water is terrible work."

"I should think so, Adrien," I replied, "especially as in your younger days your lungs were never overstrong."

"Pshaw. The southern climate has restored me. I am getting used to an amphibious life. If the money is found, my wife will have her title—as for myself, it will be some good work of charity I shall found. Now, would you mind, my old friend, helping me? My absence from New York has been so prolonged that I am ignorant of many things. A life of somewhat an indolent character has dulled, perhaps, my energy. Will you act for me? It may occupy your afternoons. Let me assure you, if I do not presume on your kindness, that I should be glad to offer you any remuneration you would think suitable."

The proposal was so kindly made that I accepted the position of agent for Adrien. Machinery was built, a tug was purchased, and a contract made with a company who were to send out to Curacoa competent persons acquainted with submarine work. When all was ready and the last bill paid I declined an urgent appeal on the part of Adrien to accompany him. De Graab left, and my labors ceased when the propeller Aurelia De G. steamed out of the Narrows. I waited after that for months and months. The managers of the wrecking company could only inform me that the propeller and hands had arrived in safety at Curacoa. At last I received a short note from Adrien. Usually he wrote the neatest of hands; now the words were scrawled and difficult to decipher. It read as follows: "Found! I have just put at Aurelia's feet an ingot of gold. Its weight is eightsen pounds. It must have weighed double that 250 years ago. Poor Aurelia! I never told you there had been a passing cloud between us. Her love has returned. The work under the sea is terribly trying. I dare not trust the men out of my sight. It is a delirium of wealth which is like to craze me. I shall write you again. Our success is now beyond a doubt, and only a question of time." It was with a feverish anxiety that I watched for another letter. Most a year passed and no tidings came. At last, in an insignificant newspaper paragraph among the scanty fragments of news gleaned from South American sources, I read this:

"The Sol expedition in search of a treasure-ship, after a most brilliant opening, has been abandoned. The party are returning via Panama."

So it ended. The close of this drama can be better understood by transcribing a letter Adrien's wife sent me:

"I am alone now in this world. Adrien is no more. Even the poor consolation of seeing his remains has been denied me. I never can have peace again on earth. The ingot of gold he gave me I send you. Have a crucifix made of it. With whatever is left of the gold have masses said in the city where he was born for the repose of his soul. The crucifix send to me. In my agony praying before it, I will ask pardon for my sins, for it is I who killed my husband."

Running a Newspaper.

By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts, there is a large class of people in the world who think that it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper, and if they buy a copy of the newsboy, when too far from the office to come and beg one, they are regular patrons and entitled to unlimited favors. Men call every day at newspaper offices to get a copy of the daily paper, just from the press, for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket handkerchief from a dry goods store, or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon the plea of old acquaintance, having bought something once before. One paper is not much, but a hundred a day amounts to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some men who have paid two dollars at an early period of life for an advertisement worth four or five, appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. They demand the publication of all marriages, and funeral notices, obituaries and family episodes, for the next forty years, gratis. Speak of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes; but you receive the worth of your money for what you pay." "But," says the patron, "it will not cost you anything to put this in," which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your ax on his grindstone, and graciously tell him it won't cost him a cent. It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business; no paper will succeed financially that carries a dead head system. Any mention of the people's affairs that they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for; and when printed is generally worth as much as any other investment of the same amount.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small; the proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the editors and reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession requiring the given amount of intelligence, training and drudgery. The life has its charms and pleasant associations, scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxieties and hours of exhaustion, which also are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease and free from care and go to the circus at night on a free ticket and to the springs on a free pass in the summer, as an idea which we desire to explode particularly and theoretically. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

His Father's Occupation.

Preliminary to admission to the public schools of St. Louis, answers are required to a list of questions, some of which are at times too much for the intelligence of the unfledged citizens of the "future great city of the world," as witness the following:

A friend of mine, Miss J——, teacher of one of the primary classes, catechised a little ragamuffin a short time since with the following result:

"What is your father's name?"

"Don't know."

"Don't know your father's name?"

"No."

"Well, what do the neighbors call him?"

"Don't call him nothin'. They don't see him. He ain't never home 'cept nights."

"Then," as a bright idea occurred to her, "what does your mother call him?"

"Why, she calls him 'old fool!'"

At this point her researches into the secret history of that family ceased.

On another occasion a little candidate grappled successfully with every question on the list until the one, "What is your father's occupation?" was propounded, when he was forced to admit that he did not know what that word meant.

"I mean, what does he do?" said Miss J——.

"Oh! he builds fires."

"Ah! he's a janitor, then?"

"I don't know what that means, neither."

"Why, a janitor is a man that builds fires, and sweeps out, and takes care of a building."

"I guess he ain't that kind, then, cos he don't sweep none."

"Doesn't he? Well, where does he build fires?"

"I don't know," said the little fellow, very emphatically, and in a tone betraying considerable irritation; "he's dead."

A Man Dies of the Hiccough.

About one of the most singular cases of death that ever came within our province to mention is that of Milton W. Blair, of Louisa county, Iowa, who died in California of the hiccough. Mr. Blair was an old merchant of Louisa county, but has not been engaged in business for a number of years. He has been residing near Morning Sun since retiring from business. Last fall he was attacked with a fit of hiccoughing, which continued for some weeks, with scarcely any intermission. Becoming alarmed at the long continuance of the spell, Mr. B. came to Burlington to consult with a doctor, who, after treating him a while, declared he could give him no relief. From this city he proceeded to Chicago, and consulted the best medical authorities there, who did all in their power, but could not relieve him. By their advice he went to California, accompanied by his sister, thinking that the change of climate would help him, remaining in that State to the time of his death, hiccoughing almost continually, and having but few intervals of rest. The continued strain and distress wore him to a mere shadow of his former self, and recently his sister telegraphed to friends and relatives in Burlington and Louisa counties that he was dead, and she was bringing his remains on for burial.

"Better put on your overcoat," she said, as he was starting for down town, "it will surely rain before night." "Not a bit, my dear." But look at those driving clouds!" "Oh, pshaw, that's only flying scud." "Very well," she rejoined, "but you'll find it will be sky-ing flood before dark."

ORIGINAL BRIGANDS.

They Levy Black Mail and Appoint an Agent to Carry Out their Work.

Burglars entered the residence of Mr. Thomas H. Bedell, on the Creek road, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., during a thunder storm, and stole a clock, a sofa-bottom rocking-chair, fancy ornaments from the mantels, silver napkin rings, a silver cake basket, and other things. They also cut all the tassels from the curtains and left a note behind demanding $500 to be left at a place they would specify or they would destroy all the buildings on the place. Mr. Bedell's brother found a letter written on the page of a ledger thrust under the front door of his house which informed him that there was a band calling themselves a band of robbers, five in number, who had visited his brother, but the captain thought best not to disturb the family, but to levy a tax of $500, and if they saw fit to pay they would molest them no further. If, however, his brother should refuse, the band would do all the harm they could to his person or property. The letter then continued as follows:

"Now we know you are the interested, being a relation, and request you to see him at once, and it will be to your interest to assist him, should he need such assistance, for your own safety. We came here to attend the races, and shall leave here as soon as we get the money called for. The sum called for is a small amount and must be paid this Monday evening. There is no alternative, it is only a choice between money and life, for our vengance is swift and sure. We are no black mailers, but give those whom we visit a chance to choose. Now, if you do this as requested—that is, we desire you to visit your friend, make arrangements, and visit us in the road just north of the powder-house above Morgan lake; there is a building there which used to be a slaughter-house; meet us there at precisely eleven o'clock. You will not be harmed and may rest assured never to be again troubled; we make you as much interested as him and expect not to be disappointed, use no tricks or treachery, we are fully prepared and never failed or outwitted. We make him pay now and ask you to assist. Should he find the tax will be roused and another visit will be made. He will show you how we work.

"At a certain place the band visited a wealthy family, levied a tax of $1,000 on him, he refused to notice our demand. We paid him a second visit, he paid $2,000 and was glad to do it. One more at another time we demanded some money, they refused, and published the visit after being requested to keep silent, which so incensed the band that they burned a large barn filled with grain, killed some valuable stock; but this seldom happens; we say to you keep this a secret, should you comply with our demand lay a sheet in your west window this Monday afternoon. We use you as our agent and as such exempt you from any tax. Should the money be paid, but should you and him fail the thing will be different. We desire the money, we within fives and tens bills and more but genuine, it is the captain who writes this and our home far in the southwest. Yours, etc.

"We will caution you further not to, for your own sakes, try any tricks, as we are prepared with a large force. Remember at eleven o'clock, between the corner and the old building near the powder-house, upon hearing a whistle lay the money, which must be done up in a good-sized white paper, in the middle of the road, and drive off as soon as possible.

"(Signed) THE CAPTAIN.

"P. S. Do not fail to put out the cloth."

Mr. Bedell put the matter in the hands of the police, thinking no more of the threatening letter. Near where he was to place the package of money, the residence of Mr. William Beardsley was robbed of one hundred pounds of butter, thirty pounds of pork, pillow cases, etc.

A Chinese Funeral.

A Singapore correspondent in writing of a Chinese funeral, says: Just before leaving town I was delayed by an immense Chinese funeral procession, which occupied a long time in passing and blocked up the street. The first party was composed of men carrying banners and playing on gongs, fifes and various nameless musical instruments. The sounds produced were strange and weird but not very discordant, and the combination of colors made by waving banners of every shape and hue was exceedingly brilliant and showy. The hearse was gorgeously ornamented with curtain hangings of blue and gold, and the coffin with embroidered work of the same material. A special guard attended the hearse, and various insignia were held up in front; and a large multitude of friends and relatives followed, all carrying blue and white umbrellas, so that it seemed as if the whole Chinese population had turned out on the occasion. Bringing up the rear were a troop of hired mourners dressed completely in white, with sheets thrown over their heads, and held extending in front. Their wailing and crying were piteous, until we remembered that they were paid for it. The main procession was followed by a line of empty carriages to bring back many who were walking out of respect for the dead. While walking along a street, upon another occasion, I happened to pass a house where there had evidently just been a death. A long red cloth was stretched across the doorway, and a Chinese ceremony was going on before a little altar raised in front of the house. Incense was burning in abundance, and offerings were making of fruits, rice and large cocoanuts.

New Wool Goods.

Many of the new wool goods, a fashion journal says, are broderie, as the French say, with wrought figures that look like embroidery or brocade. Some of these are all wool, but the most elaborate have silk, satin, or velvet figures. There are gray grounds of wool cloth with silken figures of brown; heavily twilled blue wool stuffs are overlaid with black satin figures; gray-blue grounds have figures of lighter shade. Less striking than these are soft drab stuffs of fine twilled wool overlaid with intricate tracery of the same shade or with bias plaids, or else little diamonds or small checks.

Cashmeres, serges, and merinoes are staple goods, and apt to remain in fashion while costumes are worn, as they require soft flexible stuffs for draperies. In selecting those for the coming season the reader is advised to choose very dark shades of quiet colors. Camel's hair in invisible plaids, and the striped limousine of last year, are provided for serviceable winter costumes.

Those Pins.

Speaking of General C. A. Evans, who was lately relieved of a number of pins which had been knocked into him by a Minie ball during the war, the *Chronicle and Sentinel* of Columbia, S. C., adds: It is a credit to him to say that he made his famous memorial address, which breathed love and forgiveness, while those hostile pins were in his body. A man that can forgive his enemy with a handful of pins working about his body is a Christian.

France keeps a ship of war at Ajaccio constantly at the order of the Pope, in case he should desire to leave Rome.

AMONG THE WHARF RATS.

The Poor Wretches Who Haunt the River Fronts.

"What is a 'wharf rat' and where is he to be found?" I asked one day of an old and experienced police captain who had seen twenty years' service wearing the blue uniform, and was well acquainted with all the habits and haunts of the outcasts and criminal classes.

"A 'wharf rat,'" he answered, "is something entirely different from all others of those who defy or evade the law. His home is on the docks, and he is only to be found on the most lonely and least frequented city piers. How he lives and gets his food and clothing is to any one who does not know the great city a curious problem, and a startling fact when analyzed. You have often strolled along the docks, perhaps, at early morning?"

"Occasionally I have visited some of the docks at an early hour to get a breath of fresh air on a summer morning," I answered.

"Well," he continued, "if you go early enough you may see here and there a wretched looking man in soiled clothing sleeping behind a hay bale, a pile of bricks, or a stack of lumber. His hair will be full of straw or hay, and his face and skin are of the color of clay, sullen and destitute of any high expression. Occasionally you see an overgrown boy of the same description, but the scamp is not yet fixed ineradically in his face of degradation and indifference to all things human and divine. Perhaps you may find some of these people fishing off the end of a wooden stringpiece, or off some schooner, but that is all pretense, and serves as a cover for theft or laziness. Masters of vessels, schooners and lighters have to watch carefully for these fellows, or they will steal and get away with their plunder quicker than a lightning flash."

"Are they in any way connected with the class known as river thieves?" I asked.

"It is a fact that the majority of the river thieves—the most skillful and expert among them—are recruited from the dock or wharf rats. Of course, such men as the Bay Ridge burglars, who were shot, do not and could not have belonged to this class. Those fellows were bold and determined men, who always fought for a heavy stake, and they would despise themselves if they were found lying out all night merely to secure a piece of old junk, a coil of rope, or even a piece of old iron, copper or block lead. I believe that these are the things taken principally by the dock rats, as they are easy to conceal, and shipmasters or shipowners do not care to go to unnecessary trouble to prosecute in cases where the loss only amounts in detached instances of from fifty cents to five dollars. On the East river side, around Burling slip and in that neighborhood, there are to be found crowds of wharf rats, weather beaten old fellows who have done nothing since boyhood but sleep on docks and hang around like sharks for any eatable offal in the way of decayed pineapples, grapes, oranges or other fruit that may be cast aside on the docks from coasting or West India vessels."

"Can nothing be done with these fellows?" I inquired. "Can they not be put to some use in society?"

"Nothing can be done with them whatever. They are a hopeless, shiftless lot of wretches, whose utter insignificance prevents the law from dealing too severely with them, and they are so dirty, reckless and lazy as well as dishonest that they are fit for nothing; as one of these told me himself one day in a fit of despair, only to be made manure of. I suppose that there may be probably 2,500 or 3,000 of these fellows, boys and men, who come under the head of dock rats in this city. When winter comes they cannot sleep on the docks as a matter of course, and then they have to seek shelter in the police station houses, wandering from one to another, night after night, without hope or care for anything. But it is strange that even in midwinter, if you should choose to walk down to the river fronts, you will find some of these rats hanging around, haunting the place where he spends his summer vacation, for it is vacation all the year around to him, and probably some charitably disposed woman on a canal boat, or some mate of a coasting or foreign schooner will give him a piece of bread and meat and some potatoes for doing an odd chore, such as sweeping up the deck, or the like, or for going to market to get some meat or other provisions for a voyage; that is, if the dock rat will take to the work, which he generally does not.

I could cite numerous instances where good boys, who were wont to be regular in their attendance on school, and obedient to father and mother, have been ruined finally by their being seduced by older and more vicious companions to visit the docks to idle away a day, and finally to spend night after night away from their homes, and at last they turn out to be nothing but confirmed young blackguards and hardened thieves and criminals. And for that reason I am greatly in favor of the truant law, which makes it compulsory for children to attend school, and thus they are kept away from the docks and the depravity of these associations and bad company. I found in a boy's pocket one night, and who had only been absent from school a few days for the first time in his life, $200 in $10 bills, which he had taken out of a drunken man's pockets who had gone to sleep on the dock in a stupor of unconsciousness. I took him home to his parents, and found the man who owned the money. The lad was only eleven years of age, and had been induced to rob the drunken man by a confirmed wharf rat older than himself, who ran off frightened, while the smaller boy took the money. None of these dock rats ever bathe; and as their lives are spent in the neighborhood of so much water, they have no excuse for lack of cleanliness.—*New York Telegram.*

Personal Influence.

We have the following illustration of personal influence and personal devotion in the history of the Napoleonic campaigns: When the allied army entered France, a company of polish soldiers forming a part were engaged in the pillage of private property. A gray-haired old man remonstrated against their action, saying: "When I was a soldier the rights and property of peaceful citizens were respected." The Polish soldiers rudely demanded: "Who are you that dares to reprove us?" The old man answered: "I am Kosciusko." Immediately every cap was off, and on their knees they begged the pardon and blessing of that conquered hero whose misfortunes in the cause of his country, even more than his valor, were embalmed in every Polish heart.

Mad Itch.

In Tippecanoe county, Ind., one hundred and forty animals died in great agony of this malady. It is a cutaneous disease, affecting the head and neck mainly, and causing the animal to rub the affected parts against trees and fences to obtain relief, but the pain increases until the animal becomes raving, refuses food and dies. No remedy is stated in the report. A strong decoction of tobacco juice, rubbed in with a brush, has always proved an effectual remedy where we have seen the disease prevail, though we have known melted lard and sulphur used with effect.

Lightning and Some of Its Effects.

The last two months have been remarkable for the number of persons who have been killed or injured during them by lightning. Statistics in regard to this point are not complete, but those that have been gathered show about one person each day struck by this subtle and powerful agent in various parts of the Union, about half as many having been killed as have been merely injured. Death by lightning is not at any time so rare an occurrence as it is commonly thought to be, but electrical disturbances during the present summer have been greater and more frequent than usual. The heavens have been at war with the earth with water and fire, and have succeeded in doing much injury to their old antagonist. Floods, hurricanes, and cyclones, hail and lightning have wrought uncommon disaster, and, in not predicting the immediate destruction of the world, persons of a prophetic, seventh-seal, and Millerite tendency have not shown themselves fully aware to the opportunities of the time. The "freaks of lightning" has become a common phrase, no other force than electricity ever being guilty of such enormous and wonderful yet common departures from their ordinary workings with such terrific effect.

If it were possible for gravitation to indulge in such freaks; if there were cosmical storms in which the worlds were sent whirling through space on the instant, knocking their heads together, and then the cosmical sky should clear off, the nebulæ roll away, the central sun shine out and all be lovely again—if this we possible we should have to seek homes in Mr. Proctor's "Other Worlds than Ours" for peace and quietness. Lightning can never be counted on to act in any given way; sometimes it appears as a ball of fire rolling along the ground and exploding with a terrific noise or going quietly into the earth; sometimes it hovers and flashes close to the earth or water; again, in a zigzag line it leaps from cloud to cloud or directly to the earth; sometimes a man is struck and no lightning is seen; sometimes it touches a man and gently melts his watch, doing no other harm; anon it strikes a house, runs down the chimney and, finding nothing of more importance to do, kindly sends a poker flying through the window, melts a copper kettle and then runs down a rat hole. Its favorite maneuver is to tear off the sole of a man's boot on its passage to the earth. It has a peculiar effect in hastening the decay of animal tissue, and not infrequently the person who is killed by it is almost instantly so far putrefied that he has to be buried at once. It is said, though with what truth we know not, that in the eye of a person struck and killed by the discharge there is always a peculiar spot on the eyeball, produced by the extravazation of blood caused by the sudden expansion and rupture of minute blood vessels. It was once supposed that neighboring trees were sometimes photographed on the eye of the person struck, but recently it has been shown that the appearance of the tree is but the common aborization of electricity which every one who has noticed a highly charged Leyden jar has seen, as the electricity escapes into the air or licks around to the tinfoil on the outside. The same effect may be obtained by discharging lightning over a sheet of glass on which steam has been condensed. The safest place during a thunder-storm is in the center of a room, and if one is very nervous he may put tumblers under the legs of the chair on which he sits, for electricity always seeks the path of the least resistance.

The Story of his Love.

It has been published in some of the numerous biographies of ex-President Johnson that his first love affair was one of flirtation upon the part of the lady in question, and that her treatment of Mr. Johnson was a bitter disappointment to him for many years. Such do not happen to be the facts. Only so late as the Sunday before he died, says an exchange, in after dinner conversation with his son and his private secretary, Mr. Johnson detailed the circumstances attending the affair as follows: After nearly serving out his apprenticeship at Raleigh, he visited and engaged at journey work at Laurens Courthouse, South Carolina. While here he met and loved a handsome and accomplished lady of excellent family. She returned his affection with equal warmth and they became engaged to be married. When the subject was brought to the attention of her parents they objected to the match, on account of Mr. Johnson's youth and poverty. He immediately went to the young lady, stated the result of his proposition, and said to her that the only course left to them was to part and drop the whole matter as completely as though it had never been. To this proposal the lady did not seem well disposed, and she told Mr. Johnson that she had every confidence in him, and was willing to intrust her life and their mutual fortunes to his care. He believed that honor demanded the course he had indicated, and he so said. He feared his motives might be misconstrued, and this was something his pride could not brook. And thus they parted. Mr. Johnson was, indeed, disappointed, but not by any action of the lady whom he had addressed. He met her only once after, in 1855, on a subsequent visit to Laurens Courthouse, when she was the mother of an interesting family. So much for the truth of history.

Introducing Yellow Fever.

The Pensacola correspondent of the Atlanta *Herald* writes as follows, concerning the ravages of the yellow fever at Fort Barrancas: The disease has been definitely ascertained to have had its origin from the bark Von Moltke, which put into the port in distress, her crew being down with the fever. She, it seems, as is customary, was boarded while out of sight of land, by a pilot, and by him brought over the bar. Discovering yellow fever on board of her, he slipped off and went ashore, and thence proceeded to his house, immediately adjoining Barrancas. Having been in close contact with the sick crew for a number of hours, he of course carried the disease to the land in his clothing. As soon as it was ascertained that he had been on board the Von Moltke he was straightway sent to quarantine, where he will remain until frost comes.

Severe Joke on his Boy.

A member of the class of 1875 at Harvard College returned from the seashore to his home in the suburbs of Boston a night or two ago, and while he was enjoying the pleasures of the home circle his father stole unobserved from the room, and taking his position under one of the windows proceeded to play upon a borrowed cornet the well known air so dear to the hearts of all Harvard men. Instantly the youth was fully aroused, the gas was turned up, preparation for a collation begun, and an abundant welcome extemporized for the supposed company of classmates who were secreted about the grounds. A search for them, however, was unsuccessful, and the paternal impostor was at length detected just as he had begun serenade number two.

To call a woman a piano, is deemed an actionable slander in Canada—probably because it seems to imply that she's forty.

THE AMATEUR ENGRAVER;

Or, the Heading to an Advertisement.

A few years since the writer of the following sketch was one of the editors and proprietors of a daily and weekly newspaper, published in one of the large towns in western New York. Among the numerous patrons of the paper was a man whom I shall describe as Levi Lapp, a carpenter by trade, and a very clever man in his way, but as the sequel shows, entirely unacquainted with the art which claims as its shining lights the names of Guttenberg and Faust.

Having considerable ingenuity as well as business qualities, Mr. Lapp had recently purchased the right to manufacture a patent pump, which he was very desirous of introducing to the public through the columns of our paper. In other words, he wanted to advertise it, and, in the course of conversation about the price and other details, mentioned to me that he would like a cut of his new pump inserted as a heading to his advertisement. I replied, "Very well," and immediately asked, "Have you the cut here?" He replied, "No, but I have got one at my house, and will bring it in."

He said to me: "Now you can get in my cut, and do so at once, for I wish to see it in print in your paper."

"Where is your cut?" I asked.

"On the bill," he replied, with all the seriousness of a post-captain.

I then told him that it would require a block of wood cut by an engraver in the shape and likeness of a pump; that this was called a cut or engraving, and that it would have to be used in the press in connection with the types, to make up such an advertisement as he desired. I told him who could do the job, and the probable expense—some fifteen or twenty dollars.

A bright idea appeared to influence Mr. Lapp, and he informed me that he thought he could do the job himself, and save just so much outlay. I told him if he could it would suit me equally as well; but I thought he would find it a trifle difficult.

We separated, and I saw no more of Levi Lapp for several weeks. In fact, I had forgotten all about the matter. One morning, bright and early, as I was busy at the desk, in came Mr. Lapp in a great bluster and hurry. He quickly explained himself, and said he had his cut finished, and had brought it as a heading to his advertisement.

I said—"Very well; where is it?"

He answered—"Down stairs."

Without giving the matter a moment's thought, I said to him: "Bring it up." And he instantly left the room for that purpose.

His back was hardly turned, however, before the thought struck me that he had rather a huge engraving for a paper of limited size like ours. And calling to the foreman to see if I was not correct in my opinion, I turned again to the desk.

The foreman was back in an instant, and I was soon aware that Levi Lapp's bright idea had grown into giant proportions, and that the engraving or cut he had brought for our press was no less than a veritable wood pump of full size, even to the pump-log, chain, crank and water-spout.

Lapp was proceeding to bring his "extended cut" into our establishment, but at that very moment was deterred from executing his plan by the shouts and laughter of the entire printing office force, including the devil himself, who stood at the window making merry at his expense.

The true condition of affairs slowly dawned upon Mr. Lapp's vision; and when informed that he had made a much larger "cut" than the present condition of the art preservative would justify, he hurriedly replaced his "engraving" on the wagon that brought it to our door, and drove off, evidently making a greater impression in this way than the pump could, by any possibility, have made in our limited establishment.

Halo Around the Sun.

Newspapers printed in Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady and Troy, N. Y., in Rutland, Vt., and Laconia, N. H., make mention of a remarkable halo around the sun which was seen on a late Sunday. The Syracuse *Journal* thus describes it: Shortly after ten o'clock a complete luminous circle around the sun, of the colors of the rainbow, was seen, and at a point in time, in the east a segment of a brilliant rainbow, with another scarcely less distinct in the south, and, directly overhead, several concentric rings like their counterpart, the main circle about the sun, were also visible. This phenomenon continued in much brilliancy for about half an hour, and for an hour the halo about the sun was distinctly, though less brilliantly, visible. During a part of the time, the sun's disc was traversed by a vertical band of white, and the circle around the sun inclosed an elliptical band of white whose extreme length extended from one inner side to the other of the circle, northerly and southerly. With the aid of a smoked glass these various bows were distinctly to be seen, but to the naked eye the spectacle was oppressive. The bows in the east and south were in opposition to the ring about the sun (like the ordinary rainbow), but only a small part of either of the arches were visible.

Exportations of Wheat.

The quantities stated below are the number of bushels of wheat exported from the United States to all foreign countries. The years end June 30:

Years.	Bushels.
1859	3,002,016
1860	4,155,153
1861	31,238,057
1862	37,696,079
1863	26,160,414
1864	23,681,712
1865	9,337,152
1866	5,579,103
1867	6,146,411
1868	15,940,859
1869	37,557,836
1870	36,584,115
1871	34,304,300
1872	26,423,080
1873	39,2?4,285
1874	71,039,928
1875	50,000,000

The quantity stated for 1875 is partly estimated. By the official report of the bureau of statistics of commerce and navigation the exports for the eleven months ended May 31 were

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Sept. 9, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

Democratic Ticket.

Sheriff—LEVI MUNSON.
Treasurer—D. A. MUSSER.
Prothonotary—AARON WILLIAMS.
Register—W. E. BURCHFIELD.
Recorder—WM. A. TOBIAS.
Commissioners—H. A. MINGLE,
—J. N. HALL.
Coroner—DR. JOS. ADAMS.
Auditors—JOS. GILLILAND.
—A. J. GREIST.

The democratic state ticket in California is elected by a plurality of 20,000.

We do not conceive how the Philadelphia Times makes the blunder of setting down the radical nominees of this county, as the democratic ticket. Look at the head of the Reporter Mr. Times, and set yourself right.

The democrats of Clinton county met in convention on 1st, and nominated S. R. Peale, esq., for senator, (subject to decision of district conference); William Parsons, jr., for district attorney; John Candor, sheriff; A. H. Strayer, treasurer; Jacob Gets, Hugh Shaw, commissioners; and D. M. Morris, J. H. Chatham, jr., for auditors. The delegates to the Erie convention were instructed for Col. A. C. Noyes for governor.

The democratic senatorial conference of this district, met at Bellefonte, on 2nd, and elected A. J. Quigley. of Clinton, delegate to the Erie convention, and instructed him for A. C. Noyes for governor.

The democratic state convention met at Erie, yesterday, Wednesday. As we go to press we have no intelligence of its doings. Will furnish proceedings in our next.

The efforts that the rads are making to defeat Daniel A. Musser, for Treasurer, might as well be directed against a solid wall of masonry. Mr. Musser will attend to the duties of the office faithfully; he a is man whose honesty and integrity none dare question. He never was anything else but an active, consistent democrat, always in the harness, and it would be ungrateful in any democrat to refuse to give him his vote.

The radical nominee for Register, is a Mr. Lehr, of Philipsburg. After convention adjourned, one of the delegates from that borough told us that he would not vote for Lehr, as he is not able to do his own business. How then can Lehr be entrusted with the important office of Register, in which business is transacted connected with the estates of our county. A man who can not manage his own business affairs successfully, is less capable of managing the affairs of the public in general.

An objection of this kind cannot be brought against Mr. Wm. A. Burchfield. He is honest, competent, poor, and a cripple, and a worthier and more deserving man could not have been placed in nomination by any party. Then choose between Lehr, the incompetent, and the worthy and competent Burchfield.

The swift-winged justice which overtook a parcel of young housebreakers, in Bellefonte, at our last court, may serve as a wholesome warning to other boys in Bellefonte as well as in other towns. Some of the boys who were sent to the penitentiary from that town a short time ago, were the terror of the place, and the guides to mislead the children of other parents, and bring them to the same bad end. It is a pity that young and tender youths like those referred to, should have the stigma of a penitentiary service attached to them, and make them outcasts from society—yet it was right, for it may be the means to save other boys from a similar fate, and thus render the citizen and his home safer, by a check that will be put upon youthful burglars. The boy who is just entering the A B C of thieving, will halt and reflect when he learns the fate of those older in crime, and a *man* may be the result instead of a career that will lead him to the gallows. The district attorney, Mr. Spangler, deserves credit, for doing his duty in this matter, and if the same promptness and summary proceedings were had in all cases of this kind, there would be less crime, and boys would have a wholesome terror of the law.

CALIFORNIA DEMOCRATIC.

The golden state held her election on 2nd, and a sweeping democratic victory is the result. The democracy elect their state ticket by a large majority, have a gain of two congressmen, and a large majority in the legislature. Thus does the state that always adhered to democratic hard money give her verdict in favor of the good old party.

There were four complete state tickets in the field in California, the offices to be filled by the voters at large being nine in number. The republican ticket was headed by Timothy G. Phelps, for governor; the democratic by William Irwin, the present acting lieutenant; the independent by Hon. John Bidwell, an ex-member of congress, and the temperance ticket by W. E. Lovett. The independent candidate for lieutenant governor was Roumaldo Pacheco, who had been elected lieutenant governor as a republican in 1871, and became governor on March 4, last, by the election of Governor Newton Booth to the United States senate. At the presidential election of 1872 Grant had a majority of 13,302, and the republican state ticket was elected in 1871 by 5,061 majority. Previous to that year the state had gone republican and democratic by turns for some years. Grant's majority in 1868 having been only 506, while the democrats had nearly 10,000 majority the preceding year.

In the present state of mining 4,000 feet is a greater depth than is possible to mine coal. The deepest mines in England, which scarcely exceed 2,000 feet, possess a temperature of 85 degrees. At 3,000 feet the heat of the mines would be over 100 degrees, and at 4,000 feet it would be 120 degrees. Rapidly waving currents of air may reduce these temperatures several degrees, and compressed air may still further cool the workings; but newer discoveries in ventilation must be made before 4,000 feet can be reached.

Hon. Jefferson Davis's services at agricultural fairs at the West are still in active demand, which he seems perfectly willing to supply. He has just accepted an invitation to speak at De Soto, Jefferson county, Mo., and the St. Louis Republican says that the "Republicans are vieing with the Democrats to give him a hearty reception."

THE DECADE OF DECADENCE.

From 1865 to 1875, says the World, we have had ten years of nominal peace throughout the United States. The Radicals have ruled through all, and Grant through six of these years. And they between them have brought us—whither? A financial and industrial crisis, which began in 1873 with the ignominous collapse of two or three swollen Radical banking-houses, the pets and favorites of the party in power, has led us on to a financial and industrial catastrophe involving in one common ruin the East and the West, Massachusetts and California, our railways on land and our shipping on the sea.

The negroes who were to have been civilized and educated at the expense alike of the tax-payers of the whole country and of the fundamental principles of self-government, are relapsing into barbarism and planning here and there throughout the fairest regions of the republic new Haytis and Santo Domingos. Misery and lawlessness stalk hand in hand over the North and the West. Vagrants fast ripening into ruffians make the rural homes of New York and New England as insecure as frontier settlements. In this great metropolis of the nation, a laboring man was picked up on Wednesday night in a public park by the police, and on being carried to the hospital was found to be literally dying of starvation. This in a population of a million of souls and in a city to which for long years the pauper thousands of the Old World were taught to look as the New Jerusalem of honest labor. Meanwhile, at the head of the Government we have a self-indulgent soldier whom the war found eking out a humble and not altogether creditable existence in an obscure country town, by petty service in an obscure calling, and who is now reckoned by his associates with vulgar and shameless ostentation among the new made "millionaires" of the land. This head of the Government has for his right hand a Minister, also a "millionaire," Mr. Columbus Delano, who has been and is now openly arraigned as a public robber and the friend and protector of public robbers by men of his own political faith, but of stainless private and public repute. This is the record and this the result of Radicalism and of Grantism in these United States. How much longer is the disease to be left to mine its way unchecked through all the foundations of public order and of private prosperity?

NEW JERSEY'S TREASURER A DEFAULTER.

Josephus Sooy, Jr., the Republican Treasurer of the State of New Jersey, has been proven a defaulter to the State to a large amount, probably reaching $60,000 or $70,000. Some years ago he was a prominent member of the Methodist Church at Mount Holly, and was the possessor of considerable money, and quite a light in the Republican party. By a judicious expenditure of his funds he was elected Treasurer of the State in 1870, and for three successive terms of a year each. Last winter a Republican Senate and a Democratic House caused a dead-lock, which resulted in Mr. Sooy holding over.

The Mayor of Trenton, accompanied by Quartermaster General Wells, of New Jersey, arrived in Philadelphia, on 29, and, proceeding at once to the Central Station, obtained the assistance of a special officer, and, being evidently well acquainted with the habits and resorts of the defaulting Treasurer, spent the day in visiting a number of low taverns and houses of ill repute in search of him. About 5½ o'clock in the afternoon the party called at the house No. 508 Redwood street, to which at last he had been traced, but were unable to obtain admittance until the officer forced open the window shutter, and, raising the sash, jumped in. Sooy was found upstairs, in female society, such as it was, and gave evidence in his appearance of a long-continued debauch. He expressed his willingness to return to Trenton, and at once left for that city, via the West Philadelphia depot, in custody of the New Jersey officials. His whereabouts for two weeks back have been traced, part of which time he spent at a tavern at Eleventh street and Girard avenue, a couple of days at Harry Reihl's tavern, in the southern section of the city, and the rest at houses of prostitution. During all the time he has been spending a great deal of money, not only for liquors, but for jewelry and furniture, which he presented to the fair frail ones with whom he has chiefly passed his time.

RADICAL CORRUPTION.

Senator Thurman in a speech delivered at Mansfield, O., a few days ago, said: Is there a man here who has not heard of the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the Credit Mobilier? Is there one of you who does not know, by sworn testimony taken before Congressional committees, that by the frauds of these companies, principally ruled and governed by certain members of Congress, the people of the United States are absolutely certain to lose not less than $50,000,000? Has any one of you forgotten that over $435,000 were used by these companies to procure the passage of an amendment to the railroad charter by the corruption of members of Congress—an amendment that surrendered the most important rights of the Government, and in the end entailed upon the people the loss to which I have referred? Is it necessary for me to produce the proof taken at the last session of Congress that over $700,000 were employed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to procure from Congress an immense public subsidy? Must I read to you the testimony given before a Senate committee a few years since, to show that bribery of New York Custom-House officers had become an established usage? Or is it necessary to more than mention the prosecutions by the Government of merchants, great and small, charged with defrauding the revenue out of millions by smuggling or otherwise—not one of which frauds or offenses could have been committed had not Government officers assisted in its commission? Have you not heard of the practices of the whisky rings, defrauding the Government out of untold amounts of taxes, through the connivance and with the aid of purchased revenue officials? Must I do more than remind you that the official reports of responsible officers of your army and the statements of disinterested private citizens have clearly shown that, through the fraudulent practices of Indian agents and contractors, large numbers of Indians whom the Government is bound by treaty stipulations to support have lately been on the very verge of starvation, and the country thereby menaced with an Indian war? Is it not an indisputable fact that the appropriations for the Indians and the Indian Bureau are annually about $3,000,000 more than they were in 1860, and that through the frauds and regulations of "Indian rings," in collusion with Government officials, millions of this money are every year embezzled? Have you not heard how fraud, bribery and corruption existed in the Post-Office Department, under the very nose, so to speak of the Postmaster-General himself—frauds and offenses so gross as to necessitate not only the dismissal of the detected officials, but also their criminal prosecution in a court of justice? Have you not read of the frequent thefts in the Treasury, from the abstraction of a trifling sum of fractional currency to a larceny of over $40,000 in a lump? Need I do more than refer to the long list of defaulters in almost every branch of the public service, and whose defalcations in the last fourteen years amounted, at the lowest computation, to millions of dollars? Must I again remind you that not even the Department of Justice has been free from taint, and that, under the late Attorney-General, officers whose duty it was to prosecute the guilty were greater criminals than the men they prosecuted?

HEAVY LOSS IN THE SINKING FUND.

DANGER OF MORE! NO SECURITY.

Last week we re-published a statement showing that $11,120.98 of the State sinking fund were deposited with two broken banks at Erie and Franklin. Both of these broken concerns long ago wound up and are out of existence. The sum named is therefore a total loss and an effort will be made to saddle it on the people, although the State Treasurer clears not less than one hundred thousand dollars annually upon the people's money.

But this is not all the money belonging to the sinking fund that is lost. The firm of G. F. Mason & Co., of Towanda, which has $5,000 of the people's money, is also broken and out of business, and this swells the loss to over $16,000. How MUCH MORE IS LOST? If a few more such failures as that of Jay Cooke & Co., and Duncan, Sherman & Co., occur, the half or the whole of the sinking fund of this State may be lost for a day, for, confessedly, the State Treasurer takes no security for these deposits.

If no loss occurs, the Treasurer receives a large bonus for the deposits which he appropriates to his private use. If loss does occur are the people to be charged with it? If not, why are the lost sums noted above paraded by Mackey as a part of the sinking fund.

The People's National Bank of Philadelphia, a notorious "ring" institution of that city, has nearly FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS of the sinking fund deposits on hand, for the use of which it does not pay one cent to the State and *gives no security!* It often has much larger amounts.

Mackey is himself, or was, the cashier of the Allegheny National Bank at Pittsburgh, and that concern has nearly THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS of the sinking fund on hand, upon which it banks and draws a heavy interest, *and yet gives the State no security!*

Over a million of the people's money is now in the hands of bankers and brokers, without security, a part of which is already lost and all which may be in a day. And it is kept there in this careless manner for the sole profit of the Treasury ring and to enable them to raise money to keep the Republican party in power!!

If losses occur the people are called upon to bear them, directly or indirectly. If none occur they are still required to pay over a hundred thousand dollars annually of interest on State debt upon bonds that should have been redeemed by this money instead of being deposited in banks!!

The legislative investigating committee should *at once* take up this subject, subpoena the bankers, and require them to tell upon what terms they have the money and what the State has to rely upon for security that it will be repaid. —*Bloomsburg Columbian.*

After reading, says the Times, the admirable charge of Judge Pershing in the case of the Commissioners of Schuylkill county, who were convicted on Thursday last of misdemeanor in office, it seems like a positive robbery to take that gentleman from the bench by making him a candidate for Governor, even while it must be admitted that he has clearly earned promotion. The commissioners, of whom there were three, Valentine Benner, Moses Hine and Patrick Conroy, were severally charged with having negligently and corruptly performed their duties, and one of them, Conroy, with having an interest in the construction of a barn attached to the county almshouse. The evidence, which was rather disjointed and vague, was made singularly clear and connected by the judge's charge. As a body, the commissioners were shown to have awarded a contract without advertising, and to have passed and approved bills that were "lumped," and in which the charges were exaggerated, while Conroy was proved to have actually done work for the county while concealing his identity behind the thin disguise of his wife's name. He only was charged with corruption, the other commissioners having simply erred from ignorance and acted with negligence. Judge Pershing however held to the letter of the law and enforced it upon the minds of the jurymen, that public officials were bound to know the law, and that it is their duty to ascertain all the facts of a given case, and that if they do not, and are negligent, they are guilty of a penal offence. Upon this charge conviction was had, and a very wholesome precedent established, which we hope to see followed in Philadelphia before many years have elapsed.

The investigation into the canal frauds of New York have borne their first fruit in the disgorging of about $12,000 by Lewis J. Bennett, who participated in one of the fraudulent awards for extra work. Gov. Tilden seems to be doing excellent work for the people of New York. It is certainly much to be regretted that we cannot have such a man for governor of Pennsylvania. Notwithstanding that the partisans of Hartranft claim that he has been an excellent governor, we regret that we can point to no act of reform that has distinguished his administration. There has been abundant opportunity, but it has not been improved. If a Tilden could be found in this state it would be money in the people's pocket to trade Hartranft for him. In fact it would be profitable to trade Hartranft for almost any man that is not owned by the Cameron ring.

Philadelphia, September 6.—The fifth letter of the Welsh series is in type and will appear to-morrow. It gives a history of the Red Cloud reservation. The first agent was not nominated by Mr. Church, but by General Logan, for eminent political services, and then began the fraudulent practices. The letter shows how agents are sent away from their reservations, and fraudulent vouchers signed by employees and paid, and no reclamation made when agents give notice of the fraud.

A letter from the Interior Department to the first church agent for Red Cloud shows that D. J. McConn, the well known freight contractor, was sent at the request of the Nebraska Senators and Representatives. Mr. Welsh says he is satisfied that the church exercised due diligence, but no agents in exposed situations, unsupported by missionaries or teachers, can long resist the wiles of the Indian Ring, backed as it is by the Interior Department.

A correspondent of the Williamsport Gazette writing from Centre county in regard to republican prospects says "the republicans have a great deal to fear on the state issue on account of the threatening proportions of the temperance element. The county was strongly local option when Governor Hartranft vetoed the bill, and back in the Bald Eagle valley and in Bellefonte the temperance ticket is claiming from 500 to 1,000 votes. If this hope of the temperance men who are in large measure drawn from the republican party be realized, Hartranft will receive a sharp blow in this quarter, for the temperance men forgetting the large share that the democratic house of representatives had in the passage of the obnoxious measure, purpose to visit upon Hartranft's head the punishment for signing it."

Preparatory to the Centennial the Pennsylvania Railroad Company are rebuilding and repairing the stations and houses along the entire line.

The passenger conductors on the Pennsylvania Railroad are compelled to wear satchels in which all the company's property, in possession of the conductor, is to be carried when on duty. The satchel contains a compartment for the reception of tickets, into which all tickets must be dropped, through an aperture just large enough to receive them. This compartment is locked, and keys are kept at each end of the road to unlock it. They are also compelled to wear pocketless uniforms. These uniforms are said to be so unpopular that several conductors have tendered their resignations.

The Mercer Press says: "Rev. Audley Browne, the temperance candidate for Governor, has been granted a two months leave of absence by his church in New Castle. Here is Hartranft's opportunity to challenge Browne to meet him before the people on his approval of Local Option repeal."

Memphis, September 6.—Jefferson Davis left at noon to attend the agricultural fair at Desota, Mo. He goes thence to St. Louis, Kansas City and Fulton and will extend his visit to Colorado.

A petition for the pardon of Edwin S. Stokes convicted on a charge of shooting James Fish, has been sent to the Governor.

Specials from Central Illinois state that great numbers of grasshoppers were seen in the air in that section on Saturday flying at a considerable height. They have not as yet done any damage. It is affirmed by some that they are the Kansas hoppers.

England is passing through a general depression owing to an absense of business.

Trouble is likely to arise between Secretary Bristow and Internal Revenue Commissioner Pratt, in regard to certain rulings touching the collection of revenue.

WHERE THE TAXES GO.

THE PALE FACES ROBBED AS WELL AS THE INDIANS.

Columbus Considered with Reference to His Landaulets and Geraniums.

The following particulars with regard to the interior management of the Interior Department are extracted from a letter of Mr. Samuel Walker, lately a department employee, whose character is vouched for by Mr William Welsh and other distinguished citizens. They illustrate the kind of republican administration which the people of Pennsylvania are asked to endorse at the polls in November. Mr. Walker says:

Secretary Delano's office has at the government expense four carriages and five horses. These are attended to by one foreman of stable, at $840 per annum; one watchman, at $720 per annum; two stable hands, at $600 per annum each, and two drivers at $720 per annum each. The cost of harness and repairs, repairs of carriages, etc., for six months was reported to have been $2,100. At the same rate for the balance of the year the secretary's office alone would cost for carriages and horses about $9,000 per annum. The secretary, doubtless, does not use all the horses and carriages himself exclusively, it makes no difference to the taxpayer, who pays for them. I am credibly informed that one of the carriages, a driver and two horses have been at Mount Vernon, Ohio, for the past four months, and that the driver's wife, who is employed in the patent office, draws his pay during his absense. None of these things could take place without the absolute knowledge and concurrence of the secretary and his assistant, who that concur in and profit by the misappropriation of public moneys, while crippled soldiers starve that they may have able bodied stable hands.

In addition to this laudaulet accommodation for the secretary's office and friends in and out of the department, the land, patent, pension and Indian offices have horses and carriages, costing enormously for their support.

Besides this there is another expense incurred under the supervision of Mr. Noad, one of Mr. Delano's confidential assistants, which is only for the benefit of the secretaries, their wives and friends. That is a geranium and boquet nursery. To attend to this an assistant engineer is acting foreman gardner, two gardners at $720 each, and the services of nearly ten laborers are needed. In addition to the flower garden the grass plots around the department are attended to by this costly force, with the aid of still another supervisor, who is paid as engineer; the whole force costing more than $10,000 per annum. The report of expenditures show that purchases of flower pots, etc., made at public expense.

Here, then, we have payments made for services not contemplated by congress and clear violations of law, without the slightest shadow of an excuse as to the existence of any public exigency requiring it, and I call attention to them because they indicate the general method practiced in the interior department, under the administration of Mr. Delano, and to show that he is capable of committing breaches of law and of his high trust to his own benefit.

This profligate expenditure pervades every branch of the service under his control; but the Indian service comes up more prominently before the public, because the robbery of the Indians nearly always entails bloodshed and the costly movements of the bodies of troops in the remote frontier.

It is a singular fact connected with the Indian service that no report adverse to the interests of ring agents or contractors has ever been acted on except to appoint a commission, which invariably reported in favor of the ring and against the unfavorable reports have been suppressed. No better example can be furnished than M'Cann's transportation contract for 1873-4-5-6. In 1873-4 it was found that M'Cann charged the government for carrying goods 132 miles, the actual distance traveled being ninety. Subsequently, under a new contract, made necessary by the removal of the Red Cloud agency, he was allowed pay for a distance of 212 miles while the department has the evidence of M'Cann's wagon master, sub contractors and a Red Cloud employee, showing the distance to be much less. The loss by that single operation was over $44,000. And Mr. Delano knew the facts personally, for he got them directly through the chief clerk of the Indian office as well as officially from the board of Indian commissioners. The same distance was paid for the succeeding year at a corresponding loss to the public purse. M'Cann's contract for the current fiscal year should be just cause for impeachment against the contracting officers of the interior department. The contract was let to him from Omaha, thus throwing out the lowest bidders for wagon transportation, from Cheyenne to Red Cloud agency, which was the kind of transportation advertised for. By law the Union Pacific railroad is compelled to carry government goods without cash payment, the corporation being indebted to the United States. Economy and the public interest demanded that this law should be carried out and all government freight carried for the government as far as possible on that road. By making Mr. M'Cann contractor the government is cheated out of the cash paid for transportation from Omaha to Cheyenne, and the law was violated in not giving the contract to the lowest bidder.

If any one supposes that such violations of law were permitted or aided in by the officers of the interior department, thus risking reputation and position from mere motives of friendship, then he will have read the history of the interior department for the past four years with little profit.

The history of the $750,000 appropriated for Teton Sioux, who appeared and disappeared in two short years, is still fresh in the minds of the people.

The more recent appropriation of $300,000 fo Cheyenne prisoners at Leavenworth, without any intention of bringing them there is before the people.

The discovery of Northern Sioux to take the place of Tetons, who existed only while the appropriation held out, and the urgent representation of Mr. Delano to Congress in their behalf are well known.

The payment of $50,000 of Osage Indian funds to lobbyists in Washington has been told of.

The appropriation of $60,000 to pay claims for which receipts were in the Treasury, as the Interior Department was officially informed, is also a matter of history.

These are a few of the irregularities, to call them no harder name, which have brought the administration of Indian affairs into well deserved disrepute. And they were all "jobs" which a little honesty would have strangled in their inception. And we have the degrading spectable of a cabinet officer descending to petty peculations in using public servants and appliances to save private expenditures and having his high office trailed in the mud to serve a low greed of gain. The example he sets is followed by those around him. Private houses are fitted up by mechanics paid by government. Furniture is procured and carpets supplied which are charged to the contingent fund. Large shipments of public property have been made to a distant point, and, in short, wholesale robbery has been committed. Messengers have been taken away from the department on long trips as body servants, and some are now performing private service in Washington. Other persons of both sexes have traveled at public expense on these missions. Even this is not the worst that may be said of some of Mr. Delano's assistants.

THE CALIFORNIA BANK.

The California bank collapse involves a complete revolution in the political as well as the business affairs of that state. For years this institution has been the monopolist of public enterprises, the destroyer of private capitalists, the dictator of public policy, the source of political honors, and generally the potential ruler of the business, the politics, and society of the Pacific coast. It has made the governor and congressmen of California and Nevada, and through their influence dictated the policy to be pursued on many important questions of national as well as state interest. Its influence was also great in Oregon and the territories, the future of many of which it expected to control. Everybody was compelled to pay tribute to the Bank of California or go under. It put its hand on every enterprise which promised big results, and compelled it either to let the bank in for the lion's share or be crushed. Its vast capital and the prestige of long continued success made men afraid to oppose it, and it thus obtained control of railroads, steamboats and mining operations, and had even gone largely into building the grand new Palace hotel in San Francisco, which is to astonish the world when completed. It kicked the New York mining company in its fight against M'Garrahan, as the vast interests involved in that one thing will account for the complexion of many senators and representatives sent to congress. Since the days of the United States bank, no such monopoly has existed in this country; and it is a good thing that it has been destroyed, for the new men who cornered and brought it to the ground shall not, in their turn, attempt to wield a like power.

It is singular how at last this financial and political monster was brought to grief, and now that it is done, we can see that it was, perhaps, done by the only class of men who could be expected to do it—men suddenly grown rich by the speculations of "Big Bonanza." Capital is conservative and timid. California holds a good many rich men, but when such men look at the risks of a conflict with such a power they prefer to hold on to what they have rather than fly to evils that they know not of. Here come along, however, a common laborer and two bar keepers of a few years ago, who, in the rapid development of the Consolidated Virginia and Big Bonanza, find themselves suddenly possessed of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—one of them being called worth $70,000,000—that is so rich that an army of men could not count it out dollar for dollar in a generation's life time. These are just the fellows to combine a little of their spending money, $7,000,000 for instance, in an opposition bank, and play for a corner. They put Ralston and his big California bank in a hole, and there kept them. The men who did this are called by the names of O'Brian, Flood and J. W. Mackey, and the story of Aladdin, with his wonderful lamp, sinks into nothing beside their biographies. Will they be wise enough to do a legitimate business, and let the rest of the world live, or like the proverbial "beggar on horseback, ride to the devil."—*Washington Critic.*

WOMEN AT THE BOTTOM OF SOCIETY'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

The London Times says, in an article on English society of to-day: It must always be with pain and delicacy and hesitation that we make any allusion to those who are supposed to be less able to defend themselves and the more under just authority, as well, it must be added, as the most sinned against. But one remark must be made. Even on the most superficial survey of society, whether in the great furnace of the metropolis or in the lesser fires of provincial and rural life, who can shut his eyes to the lamentable fact that the gentler and kinder sex have a very great deal to do with that boundless and ruinous extravagance which introduces all the vices and disables all the virtues, even to decay and extinction? It may be the necessity or duty of some to spend princely fortunes in princely pomp and luxury, and if so, they are only to be pitied for the difficulty of doing it gracefully, and redeeming material waste with personal refinement. But in this great town, and each season more than the last, there are thousands and thousands who are manifestly spending far more than their circumstances will allow. For very much of this deep, widespread, and still spreading evil the women are answerable. It is they who dress at a rate far beyond their income; they who insist upon the best houses in the best neighborhood; they who must have equipages for all uses, times and places; they who cannot abate their manifold requirements even when the family increases and nobler cares should take the place of childish things. Of course the men have their besetting sins and their pet extravagances, sometimes very costly, and they have often the still greater fault of not explaining their pecuniary affairs to their wives with manly candor or common business like accuracy. They do not make the wife a confident and fellow-counsellor. But there cannot be a doubt that in a great majority of houses the lady knows quite enough to see, with a very little reflection, that she is driving her husband and family into straitness and embarrassment, with the risk of ruin. People must have very many and very good acres, or very good investments indeed, to be able to spend often the rental of a good estate in a single entertainment, a dressmaker's or an upholsterer's bill, a house at a fashionable watering place, a prolonged Continental tour, a necklace, or some other top. Yet women are such creatures of rivalry and display that they cannot help a sort of triumph over those who are less fortunate or less spirited, and so are continually foremost to inflame a pernicious rivalry. What can their husbands do? They submit, perhaps. They skulk, perhaps. They more commonly cast about for ways and means and as they hear and learn more, they are more apt to take counsel from despair, and give themselves up to the stream in which they are floating helpessly. They cannot be worse than they are; they may be better. So they speculate—that is, they gamble. They soon find they are victims, and set it down to their simplicity or their scruples. By and by they make the discovery that in such an affair it is better to be at the head than at the tail; better to be on the right side of the wall; better to be in the ring than an outsider. So they press inwards, give and take confidences, and in time are millionaires, or bankrupts and exiles.

CHILD-LIFE IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

By M. L. Sherman.

"Tell me something of the child-life in India?" asked a lady of a returned missionary.

"There is so little to tell," was the sad reply. "Children there do not play and laugh and sing as the children here do. They do not seem to have games nor playthings. One can scarcely conceive of a little girl here who does not play with dolls; but there, poor native children do not have even a rag baby, nor substitute of any kind for a doll. Some girls who once received from the missionaries, as a holiday present, European dolls, were in ecstacies. Even women are pleased with such a present more than any other thing that can be given them.

"When a boy is born, the father makes a great rejoicing and gives presents to his friends, in proportion to his station in life. The birth of a girl, according to their religion, is a curse upon the family, and is never alluded to. If one asks a father how many children he has, if there are three girls and two boys, he will tell you he has two children. Only the boys are counted. Girls are considered a curse, because by law of their religion the father is obliged to find a husband for every daughter under severe punishment after death, from which females, having no souls are exempt. For this reason children are betrothed when mere infants. The betrothed and marriage are each attended with numerous, troublesome and expensive ceremonies, all of which must be conducted by a priest who receives a fee for every step he takes in the proceeding. The girl does not usually see her future husband until the marriage, and, of course, is not consulted in the matter. While she is a mere infant herself she takes care of a younger child, and is relieved from this only to do some greater drudgery. Swarms of naked little ones roll about in the open air, without games or glees, sometimes stupidly drawing figures in the sand and sometimes joining in a monotonous dance. There are no playhouses, no play-furniture, not even broken bits of old dishes to suggest playing 'mother,' or 'visit it,' or 'keep house;' games that fill so much space in the lives of children in a Christian land.

"The education of the girls is wholly domestic, unless we except the 'nautch,' or dancing-girls, who are taught to read sufficiently to learn the poetry which they are to sing. When this is learned—and the dancing—they become slaves to the rich, where they may well envy their sisters who are destined to domestic slavery, and by whom they are held in scorn and reproach.

"At the latest the betrothed girl is married by the time she is fourteen, having been a slave to her brothers and father since her babyhood. No wonder children in India, particularly girls, do not play.

The boys are sent to school as long as the means of the father will allow, and such a school! If an American boy were traveling in that country he would be likely to hear the school before he would see it, and, seeing it, would scarcely imagine what it was.

"In a 'pile' —an excavation of ground open on all sides, but covered overheard—sits the teacher, crosslegged. His boys are seated around him in the same posture. If they have not yet learned their letters, there is a basket of sand near, where the master draws a letter and the boys copy it until they have attained sufficient skill to entitle them to a slate. If they can read, they may be conning a lesson in their queer oriental books, which consist of prepared leaves loosely strung on two strings. They learn to 'read, write and cipher,'—a little of each only compared with what an American boy learns before he is twelve years of age. In arithmetic they do not 'carry one for every ten,' as we do, but write down the whole amount, and proceed in a very clumsy, laborious way, unless they have learned the Arabic method from European teachers.

"It is when the school is engaged in a reading exercise, which is the greater part of the time, that it may be heard before it is seen. The teacher, in a high sing song tone, reads a portion from his book, and all the boys, in the same key, repeat it after him. The book is usually some of native poetry, which is their chief study and the text of their religion. Most of the time in school is spent in memorizing this poetry, and the amount committed is astonishing. Children of different castes never attend the same school.

"The low caste boy leaves school to help in whatever work his father does. Sometimes he is in the shop, sometimes in the rice-field, and sometimes in the top of a palm-tree, where he cuts off the topmost buds and suspends a vessel to catch the sap from which is made their favorite drink.

"There is no choice of trades. The shoemaker's son will be a shoemaker, the baker's son will be a baker. Only in the land where parents believe in Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, is there any true childhood."—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Rev. S. Malone, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, in Brooklyn, New York, on Sunday last, in speaking of the parochial schools, paid an earnest tribute to the efficiency of our public schools. He said he never had spoken a word against them, for he knew the great good they had done, and the benefits which they had conferred on the people of this country. Had it not been for these schools we should not, he asserted, have such a powerful government as that which we now possess. Notwithstanding this commendation of our public schools, the reverend gentleman urged his parishioners to send their children to the parochial schools. The Church desired it, and, as a minister of that Church, he was bound to obey its commands. He said that, as they could not have a division of the money for educational purposes, it appeared to him that there could not be found, in accordance with all principles of justice and right, a better system than we now have in our public schools.

It is reported that the leaders of the Herzegovinian insurrection have agreed upon a manifesto demanding the independence of Bosnia and Herzegovina under a Christian prince, to be chosen from one of the European dynasties.

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HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

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An excelent Organ for the Church, Hall, Lodge, Sabbath-school, as well as the parlor.

N. B.—Special rates in this case, as an advertisement.

An offer: Where we have no agents we will allow any one the agent's discount in order to have this wonderful musical producing instrument introduced.

No other Parlor Organ has attained to the same popularity.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY SEPT. 9, 1875.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 826, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sec't. H. F. SANKEY, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Thursday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sec't. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ANNEY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——The best and cheapest canned and dried fruits, are always kept at Seehler & Co's.

——Sugar's and tip-top coffee at Seehler's, at prices to suit housekeepers.

——At Larrimer's store, Centre Hill, is where you always find an assortment of goods on hand which can not be excelled for variety, quality, or cheapness. Hugh studies to please, and succeeds well. Give him a call—a cleverer merchant doth not draw breath.

——George Gross, Esq., of Union county, is the senatorial delegate to the Erie convention from the Twenty-seventh district.

——A new banking company has been established in Osceola with a cash capital of $50,000. It is called the Citizen's banking company.

——Mr. Simon Haines has put up a new shop in which he intends to carry on waggon making in all its branches, and is an experienced workman. He will also make coffins, and attend to Undertaking. See his advertisement.

——The Boston and Albany railroad directors have voted to reduce all wages and salaries ten per cent. from September 1st. Poor fellows, they could readily make it all up again, if they lived near Seehler's, where they might buy cheap groceries.

——William Perry, a clothier of Newark, N. J., has failed. Liabilities $140,000, an evidence that he did not buy his groceries at Seehler's where he could have saved money.

——Juan De Mier & Co., of New York, soap and flour, have failed. Liabilities $30,000. Unfortunate ventures. You must go to Seehlers hereafter if you want good and cheap soap.

——By a decree of the court the voters of Harris township will hold an election on the 12th of October to decide whether a new township shall or shall not be erected out of portions of Harris and Benner townships.

——A base-ball match came off at Millheim, on Saturday last, between the First Nine of this place and the Millheim club. Our boys came out victorious.

——The population of Bellefonte is considerably less now than it was before court, and that of the western penitentiary has increased.

——Mr. Perry Rarich has entirely recovered from the injuries received, a short time ago, by being thrown from a wagon.

——When the posse of young thieves from Bellefonte, were being put in readiness for transference to Pittsburg, governor Curtin was sent for to offer some consolation to the distressed parents. The governor said he thought it was too bad that the youngsters should be sent off for such little robberies, and topped off by exclaiming, "My God, why there is none of us safe any more." There always was a fellow feeling in Andy's bosom.

——Hastings spent Sunday here, in co. with Jack Spangler. Hastings is now of age, and thinks he will vote part of the rad ticket in Nov.

—— Another new house is up—Abe Tobias reared one on the hill. Still more to be put up.

——Samuel Musser has sold his interest in the Millheim hardware store to Runkle Bro's. Success to the Runkle's, they are enterprising young men.

——Mr. Fleming, from Colyer's sawmill, came to town, on Monday, with a monster load of boards, drawn by his two horses. The entire load, with wagon and driver, weighed 7735 pounds, and was hauled a distance of near five miles. Mr. Fleming is proud of his team,—we don't know what the horses think of it.

——On Water-tax paid before the 17th of this month, to the collector Jacob Dinges, there will be a deduction of 5 per ct. Remember this, as the time will soon expire.

——Visitors to New York who want a quiet, but select and luxurious home while they stay in the city, and one where the expenses are decidedly lighter than at the larger houses, will do well to call at the SPINGLER HOUSE, on Union Square. It is situated in the heart of the city. Carriage hire is saved, as nearly all the stages and street car lines pass its doors. See card in advertising columns. 9 sept 1m.

HEAT AND SICKNESS.—During the hot and sultry weather an unusual amount of sickness prevails in every community especially among females and children, caused by the fermenting miasma gas or nitrogenous matter floating in the air, arising from decaying vegetation. This bad air affects everything we eat, and engenders in it a semi-fermentation which when taken in the system is like leaven, and operates on the whole; starting in the bowels and soon producing a violent fermentation, causing diarrhea and dissentery. It has been found that the use of Speer's old Port Grape Wine of New Jersey, has an extraordinary effect in checking this fermentation and restoring the system to its original strength and vigor, and when used in time it prevents these complaints altogether. Invalids and debilitated persons have found it the most nutricious and strengthening tonic in the market, and the greatest help in resisting the poisonous effects of the vetiated atmosphere. This wine so long established has become the standard wine upon which physicians rely as the most rich in body and genuine in character containing the greatest amount of medicinal properties with the least intoxicating qualities. Speer's vineyards promise a larger yield this year than usual, and he has reduced the price of his wine that any one can now purchase it of druggists for $1 per bottle. None of this wine is bottled until it is four years old.—*Gazette.*

——The Union Sunday school of Spring Mills had a very fine picnic on Saturday last. The speakers were Revs. Tomlinson, Wilson and Bouse.

——P. of H. PIC-NIC.—A grand basket picnic and the Dedication of the new grange hall, of Washington Grange, No. 157, will be held in Ferguson township, 2½ miles west of State College, on Wednesday Sept. 15. The dedication will take place at 10 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

——We have received the 2nd No. of the Anthracite Recorder, printed at Hazleton, Pa. It is a neat and well gotten up sheet.

——The item as to Mr. Sweetwood's having a cucumber 5 ft. 2 in. in length, is correct—we thought at the time it might mean a vine. An eye-witness tells us all about it. It is what is called the snake-cucumber, which grows to that length.

SPAWLS FROM PENN, NOW AND THEN.

During last week the Millheim Hardware store again changed hands. Mr. Samuel Musser, one of the former proprietors sold out to the Runkle Bro's., and now the firm will be Runkle Bro's. Progress means business.

About the campmeeting which was held south of town, some one has been given you a short description, nevertheless a few more facts concerning it. The number of tents pitched, was twenty, and all were well filled with inhabitants, which of course contributed to the success of the meeting. The weather throughout was exceedingly fine, and in consequence thereof the congregations were large, especially so on Sunday and on Sunday evening. The following ministers were present and participated in the exercises, viz: Rev. M. J. Caruthers, P. E., Revs. A. H. Irvine, A. Krouse, P. W. Group, R. Young, W. E. Detwiler, S. O. Musselman, M. Sloat, L. K. Harris, J. C. Courter, E. Stambach, J. M. Price and D. P. Kline of the Evangelical church, and Revs. G. W. Bouse and H. C. Galbraith of the Methodist church. The order was good at all times so as to permit everything to go on peaceably without the aid of police.

A certain young man stole a whip on Sunday at campmeeting, and the party who lost the whip stationed themselves at the crossing at the creek and when he came there, stopped him and took it from him. I think he must have felt rather cheap when he was stopped an pronounced a thief, in presence of the two ladies who were with him in the buggy. Who he was or where he came from we don't know, and that is what saves his bacon.

On Monday morning of camp, Mrs. Michael Willow and two of her daughters were driving towards camp, when a little below town something became entangled in the wheel scaring the horse. The horse run the buggy against the fence breaking one wheel and throwing the ladies out—all passed off pretty well except the old lady who was badly hurt at the arm and in the face. The horse was stopped at Mr. John Bame's, all was right except the buggy which was broken considerably. The rig belonged to Rev. J. C. Courter.

One night last week a horse belonging to Mr. George Wert, while in the field came across a place where there formerly was a sink-hole, but is now covered with ground, the ground gave way and down he went. The next morning when they discovered it the horse was in a sitting posture, and nothing above ground save the head, they attempted to get him out, but he continued sinking more and more till at last he died of exhaustion.

The Millheimers have now come to the conclusion to organize a base ball club, they think it is time to practice, so as not to be beat every time. 10 S. C.

SAW MILL BURNED.—On Friday morning of last week, at about two o'clock, the saw mill, picket mill and lath mill, together with all the machinery therein, a private locomotive, locomotive house, considerable railroad track, three lumber cars, slab cars and about five thousand feet of lumber, located about one mile from Gardner's station, on the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad, and the property of Zimmerman, Bean & Co., were totally destroyed by fire. The fire was discovered by four men who were sleeping in the saw mill. When they awoke, the whole of one side of the building was in flames. The fire advanced so rapidly that nothing in or near the building could be saved. The fact alone that their lumber was piled some distance from the mill is all that saved a heavy loss of boards and other lumber. How the mills caught fire is a mistery. Messrs. Zimmerman, Bean & Co., are enterprising men, and we sincerely regret to learn of their severe loss, which amounts to about $15,000.00 and on which they had but $5,000.00 insurance. They propose re-building as soon as possible.—Their office remains in Tyrone.—*Herald.*

——Dr. Paul Schoeppe, who, some years ago, was convicted of the murder of Miss Steinnecke, in Cumberland county, and sentenced to be hung, but was acquitted on a subsequent trial after an imprisonment of three years, is now confined in the Illinois penitentiary, convicted of forgery.

A project has been renewed for the transportation home of the obelisk at Alexandria, Egypt, —one of the so-called Cleopatra's Needles—presented to England forty years ago by Mohammed Ali. It is a fine monolith of red granite, sixty-four feet in length, and seven feet in diameter. Its weight has been variously estimated, but the maximum given is 244 tons. It now lies prostrate and parallel to the sea, at a distance of twenty-four feet, on a sandy bank fifteen feet high, with nothing between it and the water save a ruined sea-wall. The hieroglyphics are in good preservation, and record that the obelisk was erected at On (Heliopolis, near Cario) by Thothmes II, (about 1500 B. C.), during whose reign Egypt is recorded to have placed its frontier where it pleased. The lateral inscriptions record the name and titles of Rameses II. (known to the Greeks under the name of Sesostis), and relates how he had conquered all the nations of the world. It is worthy of note, too, that the Israelities were in Egypt at the time of the construction of this monument. It is said to have been brought into Alexandria at the beginning of the Christian era. Various schemes have been suggested for the removal of the stone, but the most feasible seems to be the construction of a jetty to deep water, so as to convey it along an inclined plane of beams to a raft, on which it might be secured and towed to England in the summer months.

A SEXTUPLE EXECUTION.

Little Rock, September 3.—A dispatch by a courier from Fort Smith to Altuss, forty miles distant, the nearest telegraph station, states that the hanging of six men at that place to day passed off quietly. The condemned men were brought out at half past nine o'clock and ascended the scaffold at ten. All showed nerve and refused to make any confession. Moore said he was a game man and would die game. Fooy said he was as anxious to go as the spectators were to see him go, Whittington said nothing. Evans said nothing. Campbell and Mankiller said they were innocent.

Three white men and three negroes are reported to have been killed at a republican meeting at Clinton, Miss., yesterday, and further trouble was apprehended.

Democratic Standing Committee.

Bellefonte—Northward, A Sternberg; Westward, Jack M'Clellan; Southward, Wm Furey.
Benner—Adam Y Wagner.
Boggs—Henry L Barnhart.
Burnside—J R Gilliland.
Curtin—Henry Thiel.
Ferguson—George Eckle.
Gregg—John F Hechman.
Haines—John R Bair.
Half Moon—Ellis Lytle.
Harris—Samuel Ishler.
Howard bor.—George Sperring.
Howard twp—Geo D Johnson.
Huston—John G Miles.
Liberty—Daniel Bitner.
Marion—John M'Cally.
Miles—Uriah Shafer.
Patton—Wm Reed.
Potter—B F Arney.
Philipsburg—C A Talkner.
Penn—D L Zerby.
Rush—H B Wilcox.
Snowshoe—Able Campbell.
Spring—John Noll.
Taylor—Samuel Hoover.
Union—John G Hall.
Walker—Thomas Dunkle.
Worth—Wm Williams.
Unionville Boro—Frank Leathers.

C. M. BOWER,
Chairman.

AT COST.

To close out CLOTHING on hands we are offering it AT COST, anything in the store is offered at decided bargains. To responsible parties a short credit will be given. Now is the time for bargains.

Z. P. KRISE,
2 sept 2t Milroy, Pa.

A SUMMIT HILL MINE FOREMAN KILLED BY "MOLLY MAGUIRES."

Mauch Chunk, September 3,—Mr. Jones the "inside foreman" at Summit Hill Mine, No. 6, was shot at seven o'clock this morning by "Molly Maguire." His wounds were fatal, and his death soon occurred.

Lansford, September 3.—The mine boss shot at this place was John P. Jones. On his way down to the company's office, before he went into the mines, as he was coming down the path he was followed by two men, who came up to him and shot at him three times, when he was seen to reel.

After he was shot, he reeled to one side of the path, where he was met by one of the men who heard the shooting, and was borne by him a little piece further, where he laid him down. He spoke but a few words, did not appear to suffer great pain, and in five minutes he was dead.

Tamaqua, September 3.—The two men who killed John P. Jones at Lansford this morning were arrested this afternoon in the woods near this place. They have been fully identified, and give their names as Michael J. Doyle and Edward Kelly, and say they are from Mount Laffe, Schuylkill county.

At Shenandoah this evening while two special policemen were on duty near Langan Patch, a miners village, two young men were driving along when they were ordered to halt. Thinking they had fallen into the hands of some of the outlaws that infest the northern section of the region, one of them immediately drew a revolver and wounded one of the policemen. The other policeman returned the fire, instantly killing a man named Young, and the other man named Kirby was so frightened that he ran away in the woods, although ordered to halt. Murders being of such alarming frequency in the Schuylkill region it is thought the men were badly frightened, and imagined themselves about to be attacked.

SHOOTING CASE AT SHENANDOAH.

Pottsville, September 1.—There was much excitement at Shenandoah this morning, occasioned by the shooting of Thomas Sanger at the Lehigh colliery. Sanger was the inside boss for S. M. Heaton & Co. at the Raven Run mines. He was shot by five men, all strangers, expiring immediately, with six bullets in his body.

Another man, name unknown, was shot in the bowels. As to the cause for assassination, from inquiries made, it has been ascertained that the miners had become dissatisfied with Sanger, dating back a year, when they refused to work under him, and suspended work, though they resumed again, but since then he has from time to time received coffin notices, and notices to leave or he would be killed. He remained at his post until shot. A later telegram states that two more men have been shot since then. We are unable to obtain any additional particulars.

SEVEN HUNDRED SHEEP FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

From the Alameda Independent.

Last week of a large number of sheep in the hills back of Mission San Jose, belonging to Mr. Ashurst, but were misinformed as to the mode of their death. It was not by rushing down a precipice, but in another and most singular way that the misfortune occurred. The sheep, to the number of about 2,000, were quietly feeding on a hill about three miles east of Mission San Jose on Sunday afternoon, July 4, when a man who had been a short time working for the owners of the sheep suddenly uttered a loud yell, which had the effect of frightening the sheep. They immediately commenced running down hill as fast as they could. At or near the bottom of the hill a large patch of poison oak was growing and they rushed pell mell into it. Here their legs got so entangled that they could not move. Meanwhile the others behind came rushing down upon them, until they were piled in layers, six deep, one upon the other. Of course the most of them were soon suffocated and dead.

One of the owners came to the spot within ten minutes afterward, and with the aid of a Spaniard succeeded in pulling out and rescuing about fifty head. But the number that lost their lives in this strange way was 700 in all. It is supposed that the yell given by the hired man was done for the purpose of starting the sheep off to camp.

A TRAMP KILLED BY A WOMAN.

Mrs. Morgan Calvert, a young widow, who lives with her brother two miles from Milansport, Pa., was left alone in her isolated house for several days last week. On Thursday afternoon a rough fellow called at the house, and, after asking Mrs. Calvert many questions, begged for a supper and a night's lodging. He was refused. Thereupon he went away, muttering to himself. A little later, Mrs. Calvert was obliged to go out, and on her return she saw a man crouching behind the door between the sitting room and her bed room. He did not seem to see her, and she saw him only through a narrow crack. There were fire-arms in the house, and Mrs. Calvert knew how to use them. Without an outcry, she went up stairs and got a revolver, and, hiding it under her apron, started boldly for the room in which the tramp was lurking. As Mrs. Calvert approached the door the man threw it open suddenly, jumped out, and struck her in the face. Recovering quickly from the blow, she drew her pistol, upon seeing which the tramp turned to flee. She fired once and wounded him, and then started to pursue him. As he disappeared around the house she fired again, at which he turned about and cried, "Don't shoot again, woman; I am a dead man now." As he spoke he staggered against a fence, and then fell. He begged for aid, and Mrs. Calvert placed him in a comfortable position, after which she started for a physician. As she approached the house the tramp who had first called upon her rushed out and escaped and under the great excitement she fell fainting near the roadside. Two hours later she was discovered by friends, who listened to her story, and went to find the man whom she had wounded. He was lying dead.

A MAN'S ARM GROUND TO MINCE MEAT.

On Wednesday, Sept. 1st, Mr. John M. Beecher, a boss at the Woodvale Woolen Mills near Johnstown, met with a horrible accident. He was engaged at cleaning the cylinder of a burr picker, when his fingers got caught between it and the fan underneath, and the result was that his right arm was drawn through until his head and shoulders stopped further progress, and he fell back minus the arm just at the shoulder joint. The space between the fan and the cylinder is not much more than sufficient to allow of the passage of a piece of writing paper, but owing to the cogs in the former the arm was drawn right through as soon as the fingers on Mr. Beecher's right hand caught. The flesh and bones were ground up almost as fine as mince meat and when the shoulder was reached a portion of his ear taken off, as well as his neck being badly scarified.

Dr. Lowman, of Cambria, hastened to the scene of the accident, and found the man very weak from the loss of blood, the flow of which he quickly stopped. A very small portion of the bone was found in the socket of the shoulder joint. The man will recover, if the shock to the nervous system was not too great for him.

HEAVY BANK ROBBERY.

Louisville, Ky., September 2.—The Planters' National Bank of this city was robbed of a large amount of money this morning. About day break the teller of the bank, Louis Rehin, was discovered near the bank on his way to the police station. He could hardly speak at first, but, after a while, informed the detectives that three men had taken him from bed during the night, proceeded to the bank and forced him to deliver the keys, with which they opened the safe and abstracted money. Rehm alleges that he was chloroformed and stabbed in the side, where there is a slight wound. The bank officials refuse to give any information regarding the affair further than that the depositors will lose nothing. The amount stolen is believed to be nearly $100,000.

Detective Bligh was notified and took charge of Rehm, whom he had known very well as a steady and honest young man. The preceding story was related to Bligh, who regarded it as very weak, and had Rehm locked up at a hotel. The directors of the bank met, and, after consultation came to the conclusion that Rehm's story was a fraud, and he the robber. The President so informed him, but Rehm asserted his innocense time and again. Being told that all regarded him as the robber, he asked for an hour's sleep and retired for that space, and on awakening confessed to the detectives that he had robbed the safe the preceding night before 12 o'clock, carrying its contents home and burying them under his house. An examination by the detectives revealed all the money tied in a small sheet under a gymnasium in the rear of Rehm's residence. He was arrested and is now in jail. Previous to the robbery Rehm was regarded as honest as any one in the bank. He says himself that he doesn't know why he took the money, and now realizes the improbability of being taken from bed as stated.

The Planter's National Bank will resume business to-morrow. The money stolen by Rehm, the teller, has all been recovered.

A TERRIBLE CASUALTY.

From the Boston Journal, Aug. 30.

One of the saddest events which have occurred in the neighborhood happened on Hayden Rowe street Sunday morning about 11 o'clock. Mrs Ryan, a widow lady, whose husband died during the war has six children, one of them, a boy named Morris, being sixteen years old. Yesterday morning he caught a cat which he was going to shoot, and taking the cat on one arm and a loaded gun in the other hand, started to go down the stairs to shoot it.

Just as he began descending the stairs a sister, named Mary, fifteen years old, who did not want him to kill the cat, caught him by the shoulder and pulled him back. The gun dropped from his hand, falling on the stairs and sliding down them. On the third stair the hammer caught and snapped the cap, exploding the gun. The muzzle was pointing up the stairs, where the boy and his sister were standing with two other sisters, and the charge, which was of large shot, took deadly effect among them.

The older sister was struck in the face and instantly killed, her features being fearfully mangled. Another younger sister was struck in the temple and also killed, while other shots took effect in the leg of the boy Morris and the arm of a third sister.

THE EASTERN TROUBLE.

Invasion of Turkish Territory by Serbs.

Vienna, August 30.—Three battalions of the Turkish expedition which landed at Kleck have reached Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina. They met with no opposition on the march.

Four thousand Serbs have entered Turkish territority and encamped at Novi, where they have seized the telegraph lines. Bands of Serbs have appeared in the Balkan Mountains, and are endeavoring to incite the Bulgarians to rise against the Porte.

BOSNIA, MONTENEGRO AND SERBIA TAKE A HAND.

London, August 3.—The Berlin correspondent of the Times telegraphs that Northern Bosnia is involved in full rebellion against the Porte. The insurgents of Herzegovina have established a national government.

Montenegro are actively preparing for war. The official press of Montenegro does not conceal its sympathy with the movement.

CHRISTIANS LEAVING BOSNIA.

Vienna, August 30.—The Press says 21,000 Bosnian Christians have fled to Austrian territory. The whole district from the mountains to the rivers Unna and Sanna has been abandoned by the Christians and devastated by the Turks.

Rumors, deemed untrustworthy, however, are afloat to the effect that Prince Miland of Sebia has abdicated.

Nikitha, of Montenegro, has been appointed generalissimo of the Bosnian insurgents.

MONTENEGRO REPORTED NEUTRAL.

Vienna, August 30.—The Political Correspondenzo says Montenegro has completed negotiations with Turkey, by which the former binds herself to remain neutral between Turkey and Herzegovina in consideration of certain territorial concessions.

STEADY GROWTH OF THE REBELLION.

London, August 30.—A special despatch to the Times from Berlin says:

There is no doubt that all of Northern Bosnia along the river Save is in full rebellion. The fugatives, who have sought safety on Austrian soil, number 8,000, and are mostly wives and children of the rebels who have deserted their villages and made for the hills.

THE UNKNOWN RICHES OF THE EARTH.

[From the Spectator.]

Why should we assume the Peruvian traditions of the lost mines of the Incas to be so untrue, or smile because we are told that the Ashantees know where to find gold in quantities? Why not? The Californian gold was know a century before it was found, and unless geology is all wrong, the Yankees have not got hold of the richest section, which is in Lower California yet. The Turks must own and neglect endless mines—some of them, if tradition is not all self begotten, mines of gold—and there is all Southern Asia to be ransacked by the curious. Where, before maritime enterprise began, did all the silver and copper and lead in those vast countries come from? The people of India were two hundred millions before the fifteenth century, and used and hoarded silver and copper in several forms, and lead, and where did they get them? There are no silver mines open now in India. They are working gold diggings in Wynaad on a system which indicates, if not with certainty, at least with a high decree of probability, that they have not reached the "reefs," and have only found some ancient deposits washed down from them. There are all manner of minerals in the Malayan Peninsula, and indeed throughout the Eastern Archipelago, which, for want of civilized methods of working, return nobody anything worth having. Would not copper be worth searching for in those regions, by men who remember that if they can only find any metal worth working, there is the boundless reservoir of China close at hand to draw their labor from? Discoveries of tin in the Archipelago have half-ruined Cornwall, and there may be much more than tin the existence of which geologists could predicate with certainty. Even leaving aside gold, as a tempting but illusive metal, which rouses local cupidity too much, where are the places in Southern Asia, and especially in India, where copper ought to exist?

Thieves attempted to enter the Lewisburg, Union co., post office one night last week,

Wm. Swenk disposed of his interest in the flouring Mill at Laurelton, to R. V. B. Lincoln, Esq., for $6000.

—Fine weather for seeding.

MISSISSIPPI.

A general Fight at a Barbacue—Fifteen Persons Killed and as Many Wounded.

Jackson, September 6.—During a barbacue at Clinton, near here, on Saturday, a white man pulled out a bottle of whisky and a negro said to him it was understood there was no drinking on the grounds. Some words passed and the white man insisted on taking a drink when the negro dashed the whisky out of his hands.

Friends of both, attracted by the quarrel, rushed up, and in an instant pistols were drawn and firing began. This occurred some distance from the speaker's stand. The immense crowd scattered like sheep, and ran pell mell, leaving barbacued meats, horses and vehicles behind them. About three hundred shots were fired; three whites were killed, two mortally wounded and several others slightly. Ten or twelve negroes were killed and as many more wounded, several whom will die. Much excitement prevailed in this and neighboring towns yesterday and to day, but all is now quiet. Two of the white men who were killed were horribly mutilated, their heads being beaten to atoms with fence rails. This savagery greatly enraged the whites, and several negroes who were known to have engaged in it were shot by the friends of the dead men.

Danaldson's children are at Buffalo.

The condition of the English hop crop is favorable, and the prospects now are that there will be a large yield.

Starvation threatens Iceland this winter, owing to one-third of the island having been rendered uninhabitable by a recent volcano.

As fall approaches Turkey's toobles increase. The eldest son of the sultan is going to Crete with a squadron to prevent a threatened insurrection.

The sale of the Northern Pacific railroad has been judiciously confirmed, and the company will now be reorganized by the issue of preferred stock to the holders of bonds.

Forty-five sales by the Sheriff are advertised to take place in Jefferson county, and sixty-one sales by the same officer in Luzerne county, on September 11th.

A little son of Mr. Frank Ray, aged five years, fell into a bucket of hot soap suds, on Saturday last, and was so badly scalded that he died the same day.—[Osceola Reveille.

A boy named John Heckmen, aged about ten years, had his left foot severed on Monday last while attempting to jump from a moving train of cars.

A resident of Washington is reported to have attended a circus the other day and stayed throughout the performance while his wife and sister-in-law were burying one of his children.

DEATHS.

On Sunday 5th inst., near Spring Mills, Mrs. Maria Anna Coldron, aged about 70 years.

MARKETS.

New York, September 6.—Flour, super. $4 85@5 50; Flour, common to good $5 65@6 00. Wheat, No 2 Chicago Spring $1 24@1 26; Wheat, No 2 Milwaukee $1 30. Rye 96@96. Corn, western mixed 74@78. Oats, western mixed 57@58. Coffee 18@20c. Eggs 20@21. Sugar, fair to good refining 8@8¼. Petroleum, refined, 12c. Turpentine 31@32. Lard, prime steam Cheese 4@10¼.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, September 6.—Flour, good to choice $5 25@5 75; Flour, spring extras $5 25@5 87½. Wheat, October, $1 13¾; Wheat, seller Sept. $1 14¼. Corn, seller October 62c. Corn, seller Sept. 60@60¼. Oats, seller September 34c; Oats, seller October 33½c. Rye—seller Sept. 78@79. Barley, seller Sept. $1 08.

PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, September 6.—Flour, extra family $4 66@5 50; High grades $7 75@8 75. Wheat, new $1 42; old red $1 46@1 48. Corn—western mixed 78c; yellow 8c. Oats, western mixed 68@70c. Petroleum, refined, 11½c; crude 9c. Whisky $1 24.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 15 Red 110....Rye 90.....Corn 65 ....Oats 60.....Barley 90. 70.....Clover seed 8.00.....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7.00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND

Panic Prices.

H. A. LARRIMER.

at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of

NEW GOODS,

OLD FASHIONED PRICES!

A large variety of Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in Muslins and Calicoes.
Ready-made Clothing Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers, Cant be excelled

His Grocery Department,

Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department

☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.

☞No trouble to show Goods.☜
Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
2oct tf MILLER & SON.

BEATTY PIANO!

THE BEST IN USE. ☞Send stamp for Circular. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

NEW YORK

BRANCH STORE,

McClain's Block, Directly Opp. Bush House,

Bellefonte, Pa.

H. HERMAN & CO., Prop'rs.

Dry Goods,

HOSIERY, LINENS, EMBROIDERIES, WHITE GOODS, LACES, NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS,

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS,

Below the Usual Prices.

Nov12 tf.

F. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS. H. K. HICKS.

WILSON & HICKS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE DEALERS.

IRON, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C.

Builders Hardware

COACH MAKER'S GOODS.

CABINET MAKER'S STOCK.

Stoves of All Kinds.

CHILDREN'S BUGGIES,

WAGGONS, CARTS, &C.

WILSON & HICKS.
Bellefonte, Pa.

NOTICE.—We will sell to responsible men on three months credit. Will take off 5 per cent for cash which is equal to 20 per cent. per annum. It will pay the purchaser to borrow at 10 from other parties, if he can save in buying from us. In this way we can turn our money and sell lower. Mar 15. tf.

JOHN CAMP'S

Furniture Rooms,

MILROY, MIFFLIN CO., PA.

Extension Tables,
Chamber Suits,
Fine & Common Furniture,

Consisting in part of BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, CAIN and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS.

The public generally are invited to call and see the fine assortment of FURNITURE to be found at the above establishment, all of our own Manufacture.

Undertaking in all its branches,
Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds.

Having purchased an elegant Hearse, I will attend all orders of undertaking I may receive from Pennsvalley, Centre Co. Pa. JOHN CAMP.
Jan 28 tf.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct22'69tf

JAS. M'MANUS, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, promptly attends to all business entrusted to him. jul2,'68

CUMMINGS HOUSE,
Bellefonte, Pa.
ISAAC MILLER, Proprietor.
The Cummings House, on Bishop street, is one of the pleasantest located hotels in the town. It has the best stables in the place, has an excellent livery attached and every attention will be paid guests. No pains will be spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for the public. Boarding by the day or week, and rates charged will always be found very low. june 17.

Excelsior Cement.

The undersigned now manufactures Cement WARRANTED OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, at his kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. C. RR., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufavtured for use in CISTERNS, WATER PIPES, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable. This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also, that he warrants the article as represented.

J. G. MEYER,
may 21 tf Aaronsburg, Pa

W. A. CURRY,

Boot & Shoe Maker,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 13 1y

Chas. H. Held,
Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler
Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.
all kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month, and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.
☞Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

Pumps Of All Kinds!

Steam & Rotary Pumps

FOR MINES.

Deep Well Pumps,

Cistern Pumps,

Anti-Frezing Pumps.

GAS PIPES.

FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS

OF ALL KINDS.

Gum Hose & Packing, Bell and Brass

Founders, and Manufacturers of the CELEBRATED

Sheriff Patent Steam Syphon Pump.

☞*Send for illustrated catalogue and price list.*☜

J. B. SHERIFF & SON,

68 WATER St., & 80 1st Avenue.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
23 apr. 1y

SHORTLIDGE & CO., COAL, LIME, &c.,

WILLIAM SHORTLIDGE. BOND VALENTINE

SHORTLIDGE & CO.,

Burners and Shippers of the celebrated

Bellefonte WHITE LIME.

Dealers in the very best grades of

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines. Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

DEALERS IN GRAIN.

They pay the highest prices in cash for grain that the Eastern markets will afford.

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Bought or will be sold on commission when desired, and full prices guaranteed. Information concerning the grain trade will be furnished at all times, to farmers with pleasure, free of charge.

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD

NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

GREAT BARGANS AT THE HARDWARE STORE OF

MUSSER & RUNKLE BROS.,

Millheim, Pa.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

HEAVY & SHELF HARDWARE,

They have just returned from the Eastern Cities, where they have purchased a well selected stock of

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, IRON, NAILS, OILS, PAINTS, VARNISHES, PUTTY, *BUILDERS & COACHMAKERS GOODS.*

Plasterers and Masons,
Saddlers, Shoemakers,
Housekeepers, and in fact,

HARDWARE FOR EVERYBODY.

We call particular attention to a fine assortment of Picture Frames and Moulding, very cheap.

WALL & WINDOW PAPER,
And Curtain Fixtures of every kind.

COACH and WAGON-MAKERS—Your attention is called to our stock of Spokes, Hubs, Felloes, Shafts, Poles and BUGGY Wheels, all of No. 1 quality and selling very cheap. Our stock is large, and constantly being renewed, and we are selling —wholesale and retail—at very low prices. Remember—much money has been lost by paying too much for Hardware. Try

Musser & Runkle Bro's,

They buy for Cash and sell at Cash Prices for less profit than any other Hardware Store in the County.
☞Call and see us. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MUSSER & RUNKLE BRO'S.
aug 27-y'74

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM RANKIN'S

Drug Store,

(NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)

FRESH AND CHEAP.

Apr. 22

D. M. RITTENHOUSE

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KOONS, SCHWARZ & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Fish, Cheese and Provisions,

144 North Delaware Avenue,
137 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

F. A. KOONS. G. SCHWARZ. J. SCHWAB
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J. HARRIS. J. D. SHUGERT. J. A. BEAVER
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Pennsvalley Banking Co.

CENTRE HALL, PA.
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Note
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold and Coupons

PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President, J. D. SHUGERT Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow interest,
Discount Notes,

Late to Church.

Along the road, on either side,
The elder boughs are budding,
The meadow lands a rosy tide
Of clover bloom is flooding;
The sunny landscape is so fair,
So sweet the blossom-scented air,
That when I went to church to-day
I could but choose the longest way.

Loud sang the bobolink, and round
The milk-weed flowers the bees were humming;
I sauntered on, but soon I found
Behind me there was some one coming.
I did not turn my head to see,
And yet I know who followed me
Before Tom called me: "Kitty! stay,
And let me share with you the way!"

We did not mind our steps grew slow,
Or notice when the bell stopped ringing,
Or think of being late, but, lo!
When we had reached the church, the singing
Was over and the prayer was done,
The sermon fairly was begun!
Should we go in, should we stay out,
Press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle
I followed—all around were staring—
And here and there I caught a smile;
I tried to think I was not caring;
And yet I blushed, I know, and showed
A face that like a poppy glowed,
For every one seemed saying: "Kate,
We all know why you are so late!"

Another Sunday, come what will,
I mean to be in church in season;
But to regret this morning still,
I trust I never shall have reason;
For should I wear a wedding dress
A year from now, perhaps you'll guess
What Tom said to me when, to-day,
We walked to church the longest way!

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Housekeeping Hints.

STOPPING HOLES.—A putty of starch and chloride of zinc hardens quickly and sets as a stopper of holes in metals for months.

A HOUSEHOLD CEMENT.—Alum and plaster of paris, well mixed in water and used in the liquid state, forms a hard composition and is a useful cement.

GLASS CUTTING.—To cut glass to any shape without a diamond, hold it quite level under water, and with a strong scissors clip it away by small bits from the edges.

SHORT CRUST FOR SWEET PASTRY.—Work very lightly half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, breaking it quite small; add a little salt, two ounces of finely powdered sugar, and sufficient milk to make it into a perfectly smooth paste. Bake it slowly and keep it pale.

FOR SHORT CRUST FOR TARTS.—Break lightly, with as little handling as possible, six ounces of butter into half a pound of flour; add a tablespoonful of pounded sugar, and two or three of water; roll the paste for some minutes to blend the ingredients well.

PEA SOUP.—After well washing one quart of split peas, soak them for the night, and boil them with a little carbonate of soda in just sufficient water to allow them to break into a mash. Then put them to three or four quarts of beef broth, and stew for one hour; then pass the whole through a sieve and heat again. Season with salt and pepper. One or two small heads of celery, sliced and stewed in it, will be found a great improvement.

SAUCE FOR A GOOSE.—Mince and brown in a small saucepan with a slice of butter, two ounces of onions. When it commences to brown, stir to it a little flour, and in a few minutes afterward pour in, gradually, one-third of a pint of good brown gravy; let it simmer a quarter of an hour, strain it, bring it again to the boiling point, and add to it a little mustard mixed well with a glass of port wine. Season with pepper and salt.

ICING FOR CAKES.—Have ready a pound of the best white sugar, which pound well, and sift through a sieve; put it into a basin with the whites of three fresh eggs, beat well together with a wooden spoon, adding the juice of half a dozen lemons; keep beating well until it becomes very light, and hangs in flakes from the spoon. If it should be rather stiff in mixing, add a little more white of egg; if, on the contrary, too soft, a little more sugar. It is then ready for use.

The Effects and Treatment of Poison from the Colorado Potato Bug.

Dr. John Pierson in the *Bath Courier* says: Much has been said and written on the potato bug, as regards its habits and modes of exterminating it, while in its most dangerous aspect, its effect on health and life, but little has been advanced calculated to throw light on the subject.

First, it is one of the most violent poisons in nature, and in its action on the human system is similar to that of the rattlesnake. It has been proved, by trial, that none of the domestic fowls will use it for food.

The poison resides in the fluids of the bug, and can be acquired by innoculation through cuts or bruises, or by inhalation of its fumes in the process of burning or scalding, or from simply crushing it.

The effects of the poison are rapid in their action, beginning with a violent fever, or alternate fever and chills with clammy, cold sweat; the face becomes bloated and red; the eyes protrude; delirium sets in; sometimes vomiting of a dark, acrid fluid; the pulse is rapid. Later the whole body begins to swell, the pulse becomes weak, an irresistible stupor sets in, and unless relief is procured, death follows. On examination, the blood is found in a disorganized state, and as is the case in snake poisoning, is incoagulable.

In all cases, where the bug is collected or crushed by hand, the hands should be rubbed with moist earth, and afterwards washed with strong soap and water, and in no case should the hand be uncovered while picking, if cut or bruised.

In a case of poisoning, determined by the symptoms as given above, the first step is to destroy the poison, as far as we can. If communicated by a wound in the hand or other part, by first thoroughly cleansing, followed by frequent applications of weak lye.

For internal treatment, as an antidote, diluted vinegar, a teaspoonful every half hour, and the inhalation of the fumes of hot vinegar.

If a sudden or alarming prostration sets in, ammonia, or alcohol in some form, should be used. In all cases, as soon as possible, send for a physician, as the disease is liable to take a typhoid direction, if not immediately fatal.

Sired Potatoes.

J. M. Morris, Waterloo, N. Y., says: My experience has been that it is much better to sit potatoes lengthwise than across, and that the stem end will produce a better sized potato than the seed end. The seed end is more likely to produce spindling stock and therefore more small potatoes. That the seed end will produce nothing but small potatoes, most some have undertaken to prove, is not the case, as I have a number of times proved by actual experiment. But I have not yet seen the time that the stem end would not produce the best results. As to cutting the potato to one eye to a piece, I find it will only answer on good rich ground like a garden, and will not do for general field planting.

An Unfortunate Smuggler.

A man engaged in smuggling tobacco into France recently clothed himself from neck to feet with tobacco leaves, and then put on his ordinary garments. The weather was very hot, and he had some distance to walk before crossing the frontier, so he got into a violent perspiration, which resulted in such an absorption through the skin of the poisonous qualities of the fragrant weed that the poor smuggler was taken ill on the way, was caught by the custom-house officers, and now lies in a dying state.

A butterfly, in Council Bluffs, after being impaled upon a pin for twenty-four hours, laid forty-two eggs, and died happy.

1837 AND 1873.

A Comparison of the Two Financial Depressions—What is Wanted Now.

Some of the papers are reciting the history of the slow recovery of the country from the great panic of 1837 to show that we need not expect relief from the present depression in business for a good many years to come. They point out that the country did not, after 1837, return to general prosperity until 1843; and that meantime there was year after year a general and fond expectation that trade would revive, such as there is now. It is true that the crash of 1837 was brought on by inflation and paper money; all financial and industrial crises arise out of expansion of credit, leading to over-production in some branches of industry and general speculation. It might even be said that the crash of 1873 was brought on by proportionately greater speculation and over-production than that of 1837. More of the country's accumulated savings went by the board in 1873 than in 1837, in proportion to our wealth and population then and now, as we believe; and by that much it might be argued that, as our losses are greater, our recovery may be expected to be even slower.

But those who argue thus would forget that we have now immense resources and means toward rapid recovery which were not in existence in 1837-42. The means of exchange have been since then wonderfully increased. Railroads, steamships, the telegraph are now at hand to give us cheap and rapid transportation and facilities for the exchange of products. Also the means for the creation of valuable products have been immensely increased. Machinery of all kinds and agricultural implements and all kinds of labor saving inventions enable our population to produce more, to create a surplus more rapidly, and to replace waste and losses, therefore, much more quickly than in 1837.

Moreover, we have had now for several years fair crops of all kinds, which have brought good prices. The truth is that the country is not suffering any longer from poverty. Some of the great industries are prostrated, mainly those of coal and iron; but even the iron industry is slowly reviving, and it suffers to-day nearly as much from important changes in the nature of the demand as from lack of demand. For instance, we have certainly stopped building railroads, and this causes very much the demand for iron. But also almost all our railroads now lay down steel rails to replace their worn tracks, and this is especially distressing to those rolling mills which produce only iron rails. But in the main the country is no longer stagnant.

The country is, on the whole, doing very well. What is needed is confidence—a belief that what is will continue. Nobody who has money is willing to invest it in new enterprises. Capitalists are cautious; and they are right, for we have not come to a stable condition. Such enterprises as would give full employment to the great amount of capital which is lying idle, or is lent out at low rates of interest all over the country. A prudent man looks ahead and asks himself what will be the condition of the country in two, in four, in six years, and he finds it impossible to decide. * *

But one thing is certain; just as soon as we have attained stability the country is ready to go ahead. It has the means; it does not lack accumulated wealth, though much of it has been swept away. Nor does it lack the power of very rapidly producing more.—*New York Herald.*

Charlie Ross.

In conversation with a reporter of the Philadelphia *Times* relative to the story that the boy had been found, and was at his father's house, the father of Charlie Ross said: If my son had been found, you may rest assured that the press of Philadelphia and the country would know of it immediately. I feel too grateful for the deep interest they have, in common with the general public, manifested in his welfare and recovery to keep the tidings, whether good or bad, from them an instant. From the peculiar circumstances attending the case Charlie has almost become public property. I do not want to be worried with any more unjust censures on my conduct. I have had enough sorrow on that score, and can hardly understand why persons should be so wicked as to impugn the motives of myself and family while we are laboring under such a heavy load of grief. In ten days or a week I expect that Westervelt will be brought up for trial, and then his connection with the case may be thoroughly ventilated. Westervelt says the boy was alive when his brother-in-law, Mosher, was killed, and this part of his story I believe. But he has told so many different stories that it is difficult to know which to credit. I feel satisfied that he was one of the parties interested. Charlie's mother has abiding faith that her boy is in the land of the living, and will yet be recovered. It would be a relief to us to know his fate—whether dead or alive. We are constantly receiving reports, all of which we follow up.

The Antiquity of Invention.

To Noah is attributed the invention of wine, 2347 B. C. Ale was known at least 404 B. C., and beer is mentioned by Xenophon 401 B. C. Backgammon, the most ancient of our games, was invented by Palamedes, of Greece, 1224. Chess is of a later date, and originated six hundred and eighty years before the Christian era. The first circus was built by Tarquin, 605 B. C., and theatrical representations took place as long ago as 562 B. C. The first tragedy represented was written by Thespis, 536 B. C. So it seems that the ancients were not as destitute of amusements as one would suppose. Is it not possible that the great philosopher, Socrates, delighted in chess? that Sophocles amused his little friends by taking them to see the gladiators and tragedians? and that even the immortal Homer could play a fair game of backgammon? As for musical instruments, they possessed the psaltery, harp, flute, and that most ancient instrument, the cymbal, which is spoken of as long ago as 1580 B. C. The flute was the invention of Huyaginus, 1506 B. C. Organs were invented by Archimides, 220 B. C., and Nero played upon the melodious bagpipe 51 A. D.

Singing in Tune.

It is said that on one cold Sunday, in the chapel on John Randolph's plantation, while giving out the hymn in the old-fashioned way, two lines at a time, and it was being lustily sung by the negroes, Mr. Clopton, the preacher, observed a negro man put his foot, upon which was a new brogan, on the hot stove. Turning toward him, he said in his measured voice: "You rascal you, you'll burn your shoe." As this was a rhyme of the exact meter of the hymn, the negroes all sung it in their loudest tones. Smiling at the error, the preacher attempted mildly to explain by saying: "My colored friends, indeed you are wrong; I didn't intend that for the song." But there it was again, another rhyme in good measure; so the negroes sung that too with glorious fervor. Turning to his congregation, the preacher said somewhat sharply: "I hope you will not sing again, until I have time to explain." But this only aroused the negroes, who sang the last words with increased vigor. Mr. Clopton, feeling that his tongue seemed to be tuned to rhyme, abandoned all efforts at explanation, and went on with his services.

Grammar and Clean Corners.

A female servant in the family of a gentleman in the Department of the Interior, Washington, is allowed to make a yearly visit to her old home in Richmond, Virginia. Last summer, when she left, a substitute was employed, a mulatto girl, who had been quite well educated. She performed the duties in a rather indifferent manner. When the regular servant returned, she began her tour of investigation to ascertain how her work had been done, and was disgusted at the evident want of neatness manifested everywhere. Her indignation finally found vent in the following to her mistress: "I'll tell you what it is, Miss ——, you can't get grammar and clean corners out of the same servant."

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

A Man Crazed with Liquor Attempts to Burn His Two Children.

"B. A. Masters, paper hanger," is the inscription on a neat tin sign on the residence 1,225 Citron street, Philadelphia. Mr. Masters has enjoyed a good reputation among his neighbors, and was rather envied as being the father of twins. He is about twenty-seven years of age. But he was turned into a fiend by rum, from the effects of which he will awaken in horror to find himself in a station house charged with arson, murder, and having attempted to take the life of his wife and her babes, as well as of an old lady who dwelt with him.

About six o'clock in the evening he came home intoxicated and quarrelsome. He rushed at his wife with a knife, when she fled up stairs with one of the babes. He then took a two-gallon can of kerosene, used for cooking purposes, and poured it upon the floor of the kitchen, under the cradle in which the other baby slept, and along the entry, and lighted it. Instantly the flames spread and arose to the second floor. The mother fled through the fire with one child, and then rushed back for the other, which she also saved.

Mrs. Thompson, an old lady who resided on the second story, was so badly burned that she was taken to a house on the opposite side of the street, and died from the effects of the shock at half-past eleven o'clock the next evening. Masters was in flames when he rushed staggering into the street, but they were extinguished, as was also the fire in the house, by the neighbors, and he was not much injured.

Before the frenzied man had applied the match, a neighbor, Charles Vanhorn, grappled with him and was badly cut over the eye in his effort to keep Masters from setting fire to the oil. He was, however, unsuccessful, and would have been burnt himself but that another neighbor interfered and rescued him from the clutches of Masters. Mrs. Thompson, the old lady (who was seventy-two years of age), was engaged in the struggle with this maniac to restrain him from firing the oil, but he foiled her in the attempt by striking a match on the wall over her shoulder, and throwing it on the floor, thus igniting the oil close to the baby's cradle, and setting fire to himself and Mrs. Thompson.

The whole neighborhood was aroused, and the police came in crowds, and it required six of them to take the fellow to the station house. Mrs. Thompson is a lady of considerable means, but has no relatives in the city at present, her daughter being on a visit in the Catskill mountains.

What renders the affair still more serious was the existence of a barrel of highly explosive oil in the cellar, which, if it had caught fire, would undoubtedly have blown it and the surrounding buildings up. The next door but one was a stable, in which were several valuable horses, owned by a Mr. Sadler.

Flood Water of Rivers.

The recent disastrous floods in Europe have called the attention of engineers to the various methods which have been proposed to prevent these calamities. A writer in *Nature* thinks that the only way in which mountain torrents can be regulated is by constructing reservoirs to retain the flood water. He then proceeds to quote from a paper presented some time since to the Smithsonian Institute by Mr. Charles Ellett, Jr., C. E., containing valuable information in regard to the improvement of the navigation of the Ohio river. He says: This paper contains the tabulated results of an elaborate series of observations made by the author in the spring and summer of 1849 on the flow of the Ohio at Wheeling, between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. The flow varied from 10,158,000 cubic feet per hour, with a depth of 2.20 feet on the bar at Wheeling, to 736,000,000 cubic feet, with a depth of 31.25 feet on the bar. The average volume of water annually flowing down the Ohio is 885,000,000,000 (eight hundred and thirty-five thousand million) cubic feet. This volume would fill a lake one hundred feet deep and seventeen and one-third miles square. To have regulated the supply of the river in 1848, so as to have kept the depth on the bar at Wheeling uniform throughout the year, would have required reservoirs capable of holding 250,000,000,000 cubic feet, which is equivalent to a single lake one hundred feet deep and nine and one-eighth miles square. There is no difficulty, on any of the principal tributaries of the upper Ohio, in obtaining reservoirs capable of holding from 12,000,000,000 to 20,000,000,000 of cubic feet. It can scarcely be doubted that twelve or fifteen sites for dams may be selected capacious enough to hold all the excess of water, and equalize the annual discharge so nearly that the depth may be kept within a very few feet of an invariable height. To control the floods of the river, however, much less than this would be needed. Mr. Ellett takes the case of the flood of March, 1841, as being that in which the greatest quantity of water passed down of all the floods concerning which he has information. He takes twenty-five feet of depth on the bar as the high-water mark, above which the river is in flood; he estimates that during nine days of flood the river passed down 150,000,000,000 cubic feet of water, while during the same time, had it been steady at the high-water mark, the discharge would have been only 115,000,000,000. If consequently the excess of 44,000,000,000 had been kept back in reservoirs the flood would have been prevented. The volume it is here proposed to deal with —44,000,000,000 cubic feet—is just equal to the quantity the river would discharge in fifty days when there is a depth of five feet in the channel.

Too Good for That.

Some years ago there was a discussion among some returning Californians on a steamer, which had just touched at Acapulco, concerning the moral character and general merits of a California refugee whom they had fallen in with in that torrid little port. One of the party was quite enthusiastic over the refugee as "one of the best fellows he ever knew," to which another replied that he was a murderer and an assassin, who fled the State to escape the gallows. This the refugee's friend denied; said he "wasn't no assassin nor nothin' of the kind." "But," said the other, "don't you remember his shooting a barkeeper up to Marysville?" "Yes." "And his stabbing a man in the back at Dutch Flat?" "Yes." "And his killing a faro dealer at ——" "Oh, yes, I know about all them things. He's killed folks, of course. I know he kills, but you never can make me believe he 'assassinates.'" Shades upon shades of meaning, you see. Subtle distinctions between killing folks, which any good fellow was liable to do, and "assassinating," which would have been ungentlemanly and disreputable. That man was well up in the refinements of the language. He knew where to draw the line and just what shading to give it to save his friend to society and to his own good, precative bosom. He might kill, but assassinate? never. He was too good a fellow for that.

Snakeskin Shoes.

The Winchester (Ky.) *Journal* says: We saw in this town a nice pair of shoes, the vamps of which were made of rattlesnake hide, and the quarters of chicken-snake hide. Also several snake hides neatly tanned, and three feet long and eight inches wide. They belonged to J. H. Henderson, who lives on "Big Coon," in Jackson county, Ala. He makes a specialty of catching all kinds of snakes, rattlesnakes in particular, and, without injuring or killing them, takes off their hides. These he tans in about two months, and then makes into shoes. He used a weed, which grows in the mountains, to "mesmerize" the snakes.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.—It is no easy matter to get admission to the Oneida Community. In the first place no person is admitted to the order unless a good sum of money is pledged on the start, and then again every gentleman who applies must be acceptable to every lady who belongs, and every lady who desires to unite must be approved by all the men belonging at the time.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

Stories Told by Arsene Houssaye in his Letters to the New York "Tribune."

Alas! for the present we have only water drinkers. The south of France is drowned in tears after having been drowned in floods. It is a lost year, the beginning of ruin for that beautiful country, whose normal state is sunshine and joy. The journals and the telegraphs have told you all about these misfortunes, but you know little about the private tragedies which have melted even Paris to tears. I will tell you one story among many. A young mother is awakened by the inundation. She has two children, twins, at the breast, adorable little girls. The water invades her house; it is night, and the hour is full of terror. The husband takes care of himself and mounts on the roof. But the woman thinks only of her children; she ties them to her breast with a scarf, and as she is about to swim from the house she thinks that the bread trough will serve as a boat. The house is tottering as the mother embarks in her frail boat. She is scarcely out of the house when it goes to pieces. The husband disappears in the ruins. The little boat floats away, but strikes against a tree and is overturned. The poor woman seizes a branch and climbs into the tree with the strength of a lioness fighting for her young. But the tree is young; it bends; it will not hold all three. The mother sees that the end has come, but her motherhood is not conquered. She ties her children to the strongest branch, she kisses them again and again, she signs them with the sign of the cross, and cries "To the mercy of God!"

This piteous drama was witnessed by spectators who could do nothing in aid until a quarter of an hour was gone. The mother was drowned, but the children were saved like Moses. They were adopted by the sisters of charity of Castelsarrazin. The mother's funeral was an occasion of mourning in the midst of the general sorrow. Her face seemed sanctified by her action. One of my friends said to me: "I never saw such a beauty." Her eyes were half closed, her lips slightly open, her hands crossed above her breast as if she were still praying to God for her children. There is no spectacle more divine than that of maternity in sacrifice.

We have in Paris a national society for the encouragement of virtuous actions, which distributes medals every year. There are never medals enough, just as, at the Academy, there are never enough Monthyon prizes. At the last distribution of medals we saluted that of the Countess de Vogue, embassadress of France in Constantinople. You have heard endless witticisms at the expense of mothers-in-law and stepmothers. Now listen to this fact. Madame de Vogue is the stepmother of two young girls. On a beautiful day, under one of those Eastern skies, which seem like the gates of Paradise, the stepmother and the two girls went to bathe in the Black sea, near the rocks on the Asiatic side. The sea was calm, scarcely wrinkled by the breeze. But suddenly one of the young swimmers was seized by a dangerous current; she struggled and grew faint. A cry of anguish was heard; she was about to sink. But the stepmother saw the danger, and although she was a hundred yards away, and she saw that the attempt would put her life in danger, she rushed to the spot, plunged in after the young girl, who had disappeared from sight. She seized her under the waves, came up with her, but was again drawn down by the current. It was a fearful but admirable sight. Over and over they went down and reappeared, always in each other's arms. The other young girl wishing also to sacrifice herself was within one step of the current. At the last moment a boat arrived. The Countess de Vogne had not only saved the first young girl but the second also, for she seized her and dragged her from the current toward the boat. It was heroic, but the good stepmother thought it the simplest thing in the world.

Brownlow on the Drones.

Senator Brownlow is talking very bluntly, as is his manner, to the idle young Tennesseans, and his advice may well be followed by young men in every section of the country. In a recent issue of his paper, the Knoxville *Chronicle*, he says: "In a vast army of worthless, lazy fellers were put to some useful work, the difference in our products would be so great that we would soon cease to croak over our State debt, but we would go to work like men and pay it. We would soon hear the last about hard times. We would have money abundant to meet all our wants, and would become an entirely different people. We could increase the facilities of our common school system, giving every child in the State a good English education. Few people, we fear, fully appreciate what a curse to our State the drones are. There are thousands of young men in Tennessee who loiter away their time on street corners, in bar-rooms, and in places of public resort, who ought to be producing not only enough to support themselves, but who ought to be accumulating a surplus every year. They are right here in Knoxville, and they are in every town and city in the State. They are what we might term respectable vagrants. They live, after a fashion, on the good names of their ancestors, and subsist by contracting debts they never mean to pay. They will hang around the court house a week in order to get on the jury one day. They will talk politics a whole decade to get a miserable little office that an enterprising young man would scorn to fill. They manage to get appointed sometimes to trusts where they have the handling of sums of money which they fail to account for. They go on from laziness to dissipation, and from dissipation to dishonesty and probably land in the penitentiary. We have said time and time again that idleness is the great curse of our Southern country, and it will continue to be so until these drones in society to which we have alluded, are driven either to work or out of the country.

A Walking Gent.

The French "Dramatic Cookery" gives this recipe: How to make a first walking gentleman.—Take a handsome young fellow out of a dry goods shop. He must be very vain. Teach him always to thrust out his right arm so as to carry his coat sleeve up to the elbow and to hold his shoulders very square. Teach him that it is better to die than to cut his mustache, and that the study of his part is beneath a man of genius. After several years he will make an excellent—insurance agent.

HE RESIGNS.—The postmaster at Prescott, Arizona, tenders his resignation in the following language: My resignation of the office of postmaster at Prescott will be sent to the President by next mail. It is for the people to petition, naming my successor. Slaving from four o'clock in the morning till nine at night is breaking me down, and I am going to give it up. There is more work in the office than one man can do, but the compensation is not sufficient for two. I apologize to any one to whom I may have given a curt reply. Try it yourself, and you will see how hard it is to always keep your temper.

An Unpleasant Start.

There is a little girl living at North Beverly, Mass., whose brief life of three years has been an eventful one. She was born on board ship in the Pacific ocean. Before she was three days old her mother died. Before she was seven days old the ship was wrecked and sank. The babe was wrapped in a blanket and kept warm, and the sailors paid every attention to her, and kept her alive with biscuit soaked in water, and were hardly less attentive to the little one's wants than her father. Ten days after the wreck they were picked up by an English vessel and taken to Liverpool. Thence they came to this country, and the little one has been brought up at the house of her grandparents.

The Philadelphia authorities have forbidden the boys of that city to fly kites in the highways or public squares under a penalty of $5 for each offense.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

A Couple Separated for Many Years Meet Once More—Unusual Denouement.

The Troy *Press* tells at much length the romantic story of a worthy young Irishman who, forty-eight years ago, arrived at Schenectady. Two years previously he had won at home the heart of a fair daughter of Ireland, but cruel fate had separated them. The couple had arranged to get married secretly and start for America. The day before the ship was to sail, upon which John had taken out passage for both, the father left for Glasgow, taking his daughter with him. John was too wise to submit to the loss of the passage money of both; he came to America himself, alone. A correspondence was kept up between the separated lovers, with frequent interruptions by the father, for about five years, when it ceased entirely. Four years later John was astonished one day to see the brother of his former love step into his place of business in Schenectady; and what surprised him more was, the brother informed him that he had brought Nora with him at her own request, expecting that he would now marry her. Unhappily John had married another a few months before. He must need, however go down to the canal boat—for there were no railroads in those days—to see her. The brother was on his way to Michigan to commence farming there. It is unnecessary to describe the meeting. Suffice it to say that Nora could not be comforted for a long time after the news was broken her that John had espoused another; and John wept too. It was arranged, however, that Nora should goon to Michigan with her brother; and nothing, of course would restrain John from going some distance with them. But as ill-luck would have it, in the excitement of the moment, he forgot to inform his wife of this determination, nor did he make up his mind, before starting, as to how far he would go. The news, however, was soon carried to John's wife that her young husband was "off" on the Rochester boat with a young lady, and that they were seen weeping on each other's necks.

Her mind was soon made up. She set out in pursuit on the next boat, and succeeded in capturing her fugitive husband at Rochester, and brought him back in triumph to Schenectady. In the course of years John became a widower, and Nora, having married a farmer in Michigan, was left a widow with two small children, and a large farm well stocked. Her whereabouts and circumstances were discovered by John about a year ago, and a correspondence was opened in terms much the same as they had employed fifty years before. All was arranged by letter. John gave up his business in Schenectady, and started for Michigan three weeks ago as frisky as a young man of thirty, to marry his old love, and live with her the rest of his days. He found the woman, sure enough, that had written to him, and she the person that had written to her. But, oh! what a change had forty years made on both. John began to suspect that she was not the Nora that he used to love. Nora began to surmise that he was not the John that she had once set her affections upon. Their suspicions soon grew into beliefs, and, in two days, they agreed to separate. John came straight back to Schenectady.

The Days of the Impeachment.

In giving a personal sketch of the late ex-President Johnson, and referring to the days of the great impeachment trial, J. B. McCullah, a well-known Washington correspondent, says: There were dark ways and vain tricks connected with both sides of the impeachment struggle, which would take a volume, instead of an article, to relate. I cannot, however, refrain from telling one of them. Mr. Willard Saulsbury was a Democratic Senator from Delaware, with good intentions, but a very decided weakness for toddy. He would stay sober for months sometimes, but the mere smell of liquor would start him on a spree that might last for weeks. He had been quite steady for a long time, and had promised to abstain entirely from liquor while the impeachment trial lasted. One evening a young man called at his room and desired an interview, which was granted. The gentleman introduced himself as the agent of a wine and liquor importing house in New York, who had come to Washington to have the tariff amended with respect to these articles, and he would like to interest the Senator in his cause. He concluded his remarks by saying that he had brought some samples of wine and brandy with him, and asking the Senator's permission to send a few bottles to his room. Saulsbury immediately saw in this proposition a plot to get him drunk, so that he might be either absent from the Senate when the vote on impeachment was taken, or that, going to the Senate in a state of intoxication, he might be expelled, as had often been threatened in his case. Indeed, a resolution for his expulsion had once been offered, and was then on the calendar of the Senate. It looked then, on a close calculation, as if one vote subtracted from the Democratic side would secure Johnson's conviction. Saulsbury ordered the bogus wine merchant out of his room in short order, and immediately acquainted several of his friends with the details of the plot. It reached Johnson's ears very soon. "They can't beat me any other way," said the President, "and they are trying to get the jury drunk." It was immediately resolved by Johnson's friends to keep a close watch on Saulsbury, and this precaution was soon rendered necessary. Saulsbury, whether as the result of a conspiracy, or in obedience to his own sweet will, got furiously drunk on the day rendered memorable in the history of the trial by the anti-impeachment speeches of Fessenden, Trumbull, and other Republicans. It was a secret session of the Senate, but it soon got noised abroad that Saulsbury was trying to get the floor to make a drunken speech. Half an hour later he would probably have been expelled. But he was persuaded to leave the Senate, and he was accompanied to his room, where he was put to bed. The vote was expected the next day, and as it was important to have Saulsbury present, a constitution was held as to the best and quickest means of sobering him off. Somebody suggested a big fright as a good thing for him under the circumstances. There was a Babcock fire extinguisher in the hall, which was immediately transferred to the bedside of the tipsy Senator. Saulsbury rose to know what the infernal thing was for, and the agonizing manner in which he begged for mercy when told that it was a stomach pump, and that it would be applied to him if he were not duly sober by five in the morning, will not soon be forgotten by the few who witnessed it. From that day forward until the vote was taken, Saulsbury was sent to the Senate every day in a hack, and his movements were carefully watched so that he was present to vote against the impeachment when the final vote was taken.

A Bad Report.

A late dispatch gives a sorry account of crops in the South, and one that it is hoped is highly colored. A correspondent says: Going south from Birmingham to Montgomery, a distance of one hundred miles, and thence east sixty-five miles through the cotton country, I have never in my life seen such an entire failure of the crops. I saw hundreds, yes, thousands of acres which will not make five bushels of corn per acre, and not over fifty pounds of seed cotton. From Opelika to Columbus, Ga., it really looks like starvation. It is so dry and hot that even trees are dying and s heddin their leaves as in autumn.

NINTH ARMY CORPS.—The ninth annual reunion of the society of the army of the Cumberland will be held at the opera house, Utica, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th of September. The society includes every officer and soldier who has at any time served with honor in the army or department of the Cumberland. The executive committee invite members of other corps to unite with them on the occasion.

An astonished Chicago alderman has received a letter from a constituent, beginning "Dear and Honest Sir."

An Affectionate Daughter.

General Lajolais had been condemned to death for treason against Napoleon the Great. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning, without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Clouds. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of the Empress Josephine and Hortense.

Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his prime ministers.

The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed:

"Pardon, sire—pardon for my father!"

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure:

"I have said that I wished for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition? Leave me, mademoiselle."

So saying, he turned to pass from her. But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused with tears, and agony depicted in every feature of her beautiful, upturned face, she exclaimed:

"Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!"

"And who is your father?" said Napoleon, kindly. "Who are you?"

"I am Mademoiselle Lajolais," she replied, "and my father is doomed to die."

Napoleon hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Ah! but this is the second time in which your father has conspired against the State. I can do nothing for you."

"Alas, sire!" the poor child cried, with great simplicity, "I know it; but the first time papa was innocent; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him!"

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and taking the little hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said:

"Well, my child—yes! For your sake I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me."

At these words the suppliant girl fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife accompanied her to the Conciergerie prison with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbing, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance. Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell unconscious into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac!

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice:

"Poor child! poor child! A father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and her mother.

To a Girl who is "Finished."

Jorh Billings gives the following:

Gertrude—You tell me that you have been two years at a boarding school, and have just finished your education, and want to know what you shall do next.

Listen, my gushing Gertrude, and I will tell you.

Get up in the morning in good season, go down into the kitchen, seize a potato by the throat with one hand and a knife with the other, skin the potato, and a dozen more just like it, stir up the buckwheat batter, look in the oven and see how the biscuit are doing, bustle around generally, step on the cat's tail, and help your good old mother get breakfast.

After breakfast put up the young children's luncheon for school, help wash up the dishes, sweep some, put things in order, sometime during the day knit at least two inches and a half of some one of your brothers' little blue woolen stockings for next winter.

In other words go to work and make yourself useful now that you have become ornamental, and if you have any time left, after the beds are all made up, and the ducks have been fed, pitch into the piano, and make the old rattle-box scream with music.

Do this for one year, and some likely young fellow in the neighborhood will hear of it, and will begin to hang around you, and say sweeter things than you ever heard before, and finally will give you a chance to keep house on your own hook.

You follow my advice, Gerty, and see if he don't.

Jack Spencer.

The Duchess of Marlborough had a relative, commonly called Jack Spencer, who was a very eccentric character.

One of his whimsical freaks was to take a hackney coach with three friends in a dark evening, and order the man to set them down in a gloomy part of the Strand at the side of the new church. He had previously opened the door opposite to that where the coachman waited, and as Spencer and his friends quitted the coach on one side, they went round and entered at the other. The coachman was at first surprised that more issued from the coach than he had taken in. As they continued to go round and come out, he became dreadfully alarmed, and at length his terror was so great that he ran from the coach, and ran into the first public house, telling the people there he must have taken in a legion of devils; for, he added, with every sign of horror, that he had only taken four in, but had counted eighteen out, and that more were coming when he left the coach.

It is said that he once contrived to collect a party of hunch-backed men to dine with him, some of whom indignantly quitted the table. Another whimsical party which he assembled at his house consisted merely of a number of persons all of whom stuttered; but this meeting at first threatened serious consequences, for each supposed he was mocked by the other, and it was with great difficulty that their host restored peace by acknowledging the ludicrous purpose of his invitation.

What Clothes Did.

Dr. Holland, in his story of "Seven Oaks" in *Scribner's*, gives the following life picture:

Jim Fenton, who had been in deep thought, looked up and said:

"Do you know that calling me Mr. Fenton don't seem so queer to me as it used to? It seems all right for pertikler friends to call me Jim, but clo'es is what puts the mister into a man. I felt it comin' when I looked into the glass. Says I to myself: 'Jim that is Mr. Fenton as is now afore ye. Look at 'im sharp, so that, if so be ye ever to seen 'im agin, ye'll know 'im. I never knew exactly where the mister came from afore. Ye have jo be measured for't. A pair o' shears, an' a needle an' thread, an' a hot goose is what changes a man into a mister. It's a nice thing to find out, but it's unconf'table. It ain't so bad as it would be if ye couldn't strip it off when ye get tired on't, an' it's a good thing to know.'"

"Do clothes make Belcher a gentleman?" inquired Mr. Benedict.

"Well, it's what makes him a mister, anyway. When he git's his clo'es off thar ain't nothin' left on 'im. Dress 'm up in my old clo'es, as has got tar enough on 'em to paint a boat, an' thar wouldn't be enough man in 'im to speak to."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

Mrs. James Clark committed suicide at Francestown, N. H., nearly severing her head from the body..... Returns from 102 towns of the amounts received under the new license law in Massachusetts show the total to be $463,456.32. The amount received from Boston is $52,643.75..... The Democrats of the Fourth Congressional district of Maine nominates the Hon. J. C. Madigan, of Houlton, to fill the unexpired term of Hersey, deceased. .....The *Diario* officially denies the rumor that Captain-General Valmaseda intends to leave the island of Cuba. He will await the reinforcements of 10,000 men and prosecute an active winter campaign..... A wealthy man in Philadelphia named Kates is under arrest charged with the horrible crime of pouring kerosene over the person of his wife, intending to burn her to death. Neighbors interfered before he could accomplish the work..... The wife of Captain Phillip Bessinger, accompanied by her three children, two girls and a boy, aged respectively nine, three and six years, left her home in Reading, Pa., and walked up the towpath of the Union canal, and when near Gring's mill, deliberately walked into the canal and drowned herself and children. The bodies were recovered..... The body of N. S. Grimwood, who ascended with Donaldson in his ill-fated balloon at Chicago, was found on the beach of Lake Michigan, near Stony creek, by a Mr. A. Beckwith. The body was fully dressed with the exception of boots or shoes. Letters belonging to Mr. Grimwood, and notes of his balloon trip, were found on the body, fully establishing its identity.

A steam yacht, carrying the Queen and royal family, while crossing from Osborne to Portsmouth, England, collided with and sunk the schooner yacht Mistletoe. A party of ladies and gentlemen were on board the Mist